

The Sketch



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SIXPENCE.
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MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH IN "THE QUEEN'S PROCTOR," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Are you devoted to the chimney-pot hat? Do you think the Greeks are liars, and therefore unworthy of the sympathy of a sternly truth-loving people like ourselves? Is it your opinion that Mr. Gladstone, as an evening journal says, is no gentleman? Has Cuckoo Bright any business in fiction? Is it consistent with morality for the New Century Theatre to be dependent on subscriptions? These serious questions, I understand, marred the pleasure of many deserving holiday-makers at Easter. Troops of citizens were observed on Brighton Pier, with bent heads and wrinkled brows, wrestling with the turpitude of Greeks, and wondering whether the despots of fashion would keep the chimney-pot hat for ever on the head of the free man when he is in town. I say "despots" with some hesitation, because a careless use of the word exposes you to the retort that the sentiments of a gentleman have bidden you farewell. Perhaps you may venture to call the King of Benin a despot, as Benin is not at present under the protection of evening papers; but you must not assume that there is anything autocratic about the Tsar or the German Emperor, though I seem to remember the time when Tsars were held up by evening papers to the odium of mankind. Above all, you must not be so grossly Philhellenic as to wonder why the word of a Greek is less trustworthy than that of a Pasha.

It was ever our excellent English habit to weigh foreigners in the balance of pure truth, and find them wanting. During the Napoleonic wars, it was the fixed belief of most Englishmen that all Frenchmen were liars, and cowards to boot. Nelson was firmly persuaded that every French Republican was a scoundrel. At the time Mr. Laird boasted in the House of Commons that he had built the *Alabama*, many British moralists regarded the Yankee as a braggart and a cad, and the Southern warrior as an exquisite blend of Bayard, Lancelot, and Galahad. I remember when my juvenile voice was oft uplifted in a popular song which expressed my resolve to "buy a rope and hang the Pope, and fight for Garibaldi." His anti-Papal bias made Garibaldi a hero to most of us; but there was a strong minority who held that a man in a red shirt, which was very seldom washed, ought not to be tolerated by high-born Englishmen. It was stated, on good authority, that all Italians smelt of garlic; and, as for morals, had they not produced Macchiavelli and the Borgias? When Batak was a place of skulls, a fact disputed by truthful Pashas and evening papers, I used to hear at clubs that the Bulgarians were the scum of the earth. To call the Tsar Alexander II. a despot was not then considered a mark of ill-breeding. The iniquity of the Bulgarians has since been transferred to the massacred Armenians, who have bequeathed it to the Greeks. No Armenian ever told the truth, or conducted a commercial transaction with honesty. Pindar may have lisped in numbers; but the modern Greek infant gurgles taradiddles. As for commercial probity, has not the Golden Fleece become the Greek Debt? On the other hand, the Turkish bondholder has always blessed the name of the Sultan, who is a fanatic in nothing except the repayment of loans and the practice of veracity.

Thus, in our zeal for truth, we pursue an unswerving discrimination; but in our taste for fighting-men we are apt to be a little capricious. The English are born fighters; they have distributed more hard knocks about the world than any other race. They can appreciate bravery even in foreigners; but they prefer it in savages. Fuzzy Wuzzy, the "great, black, bounding beggar," who "broke a British square," has been duly sung by Rudyard Kipling for that achievement. We are never tired of extolling the Turk, who, next to the tiger and the naked Soudanese, is the finest fighting animal we know. His military ardour is sustained by an amiable religion which makes him believe that, if he falls in the act of killing infidels, he goes straight to Paradise and houris galore. This virtue is part of his gentlemanlike equipment, for I have noticed that, although you cannot remain a gentleman if you call the German Emperor a despot, the Turk never ceases to be a gentleman even when he comprehends the peoples of Europe and their Sovereigns as infidel dogs. He despises the arts of government, as they are understood by the Western mind. In Greece or Bulgaria, Moslem citizens dwell under the shadow of law; in the Sultan's dominions Christians dwell under the shadow of massacre. The Turkish power, with its policy of the jungle, that admirable mixture of guile and ferocity, is so discordant with the emasculated modern spirit that it is in danger of eventually disappearing from Europe. Saddened by this prospect, the friends of the Turk may be

consoled by reflecting that, come what may, he is still a gentleman, and that, when he encounters an antagonist smaller than himself, the truthless Greek, for instance, the old-fashioned English notion of sympathy with the weaker side must be reverently sacrificed to Mahomet.

What are these issues, however, compared to the great question of the chimney-pot hat? From time to time some fundamental reformer sounds a battle-cry against this incubus. While your superficial politicians are toying with what they call affairs of State, "Gracchus" of the *Times* is denouncing the "hideous, unhealthy cylinder" which we carry on our heads in token of servitude to custom. I can see "Gracchus" sitting down to his historic letter in a toga and a wreath of laurel, and surrounded by the hats of all climes and ages, from which his constructive mind will presently evolve a headgear fit for our civilisation. How stale, flat, and unprofitable must seem to him all our controversies of politics and art! There is the dispute about Cuckoo Bright, for example, the deplorable daughter of "joy" in "Flames." Cuckoo seems to me more pathetic than Fantine in "Les Misérables," or Sonia in "Crime and Punishment," more pathetic in the squalid details of her life, and the struggle of her soul into heroism by way of starvation. There is no tractarian sentimentality about this poor little flower of womanhood in the great Slough of London vice and misery; but the portrait is painted with truth and tenderness and delicacy. Well, I learn from an evening paper that the subject is "unsavoury." There is no place for you, Cuckoo, in our nice, well-bred fiction. I have a horrible suspicion that to admire and respect you as a bit of humanity that tugs at the heart-strings from the depths of our social abyss is to write oneself down no gentleman!

Your pardon, "Gracchus," for this digression from the "cylinder"! The worst of my philosophic method is that it prevents me from keeping my mind fixed on one great theme. Why should we go about any more with our crowns buried in funnels, symbols of the factory and the engine-shop, crude advertisements of that material progress which has distinguished the Victorian era? As you justly say, "a national petition" to the Prince of Wales would knock the chimney-pot as high as its smoky compeers. The Prince, I have no doubt, acting on your subtle inspiration, has thought out a scheme for suiting the coat to the hat, the hat to the coat, and making the waistcoat and the nether "cylinders" show the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Any morning we may learn that a secret conference of hatters and tailors has been held at Marlborough House, and that a new decree of fashion will completely change the aspect of her Majesty's lieges before the Jubilee Day. If only the directors of the New Century Theatre could have mirrored this reform in their first production! Then we might not have had any unworthy sneers at their subscriptions. They are taunted with sending round the hat. If it were only the new hat, designed by the Prince and "Gracchus"!

Evidently, it strikes some dramatic censors as strange, if not unrighteous, to carry on an artistic enterprise by subscription. An article in a theatrical journal lays down the axiom that the drama ought to be supported by the public. Well, the people who subscribe for certain performances, instead of paying their money at the door, may claim to shelter themselves under this great principle. They do not violate it even by contributing to the "endowment fund" of the New Century Theatre. Nay, if Mr. Archer and Mr. Massingham should catch a millionaire, and divert some of his wealth from newspapers or Newmarket, or other sound and reputable speculations, why should the *Era* vex its immortal soul? Syndicates put their money into entertainments which some of us undergo as penances. Why should a millionaire be outlawed for devoting part of his income to Ibsen? Pending the dawn of this prodigy, I hope that a sufficient number of the playgoers, who are indiscriminately called the public, will support a very interesting adventure.

I miss from Saturday's *Daily Mail* a brilliant column with the signature of Max Beerbohm, to which was appended an editorial disclaimer of responsibility for M. B.'s opinions. I never read this without thinking of the cautious gastronome who doses himself with pepsine after lobster-salad. In Mr. Beerbohm's leave-taking was an affecting allusion to myself, a sad, fond reminiscence of one over whom the "grass of anonymity" is now growing. I am grateful for this tear upon my lonely grave. That "grass" will never grow over you, my dear Beerbohm, for even anonymity cannot hide so bright a talent from your constant (though buried) admirer!

ROUND THE THEATRES.

There are times when the critic rubs his eyes and asks himself "Can such things be?" The production of "On Leave" was such an occasion. I asked myself how people of experience after rehearsing it could have come to the opinion that the incoherent farce which reached no novel situation and had no witty lines would amuse people of ordinary human intelligence, and how they could fail to see that some of the comic business would shock unpleasantly people of normal good taste.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS DR. JOHNSON.
Photo by Ells, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

I still wait for an answer. By the phrase "shock unpleasantly" I make the humble admission that many of us do not object to being shocked pleasantly: show us a little more of a pretty girl than custom permits and we are shocked; but the feeling is not altogether painful. When, however, it is a question of a needless and undesirable exhibition of man's underwear we are shocked, and there is no counterbalancing pleasure.

What about the plot of "On Leave"? Oh, that way madness lies. A country solicitor of substantial practice, who, under an absurd will, is compelled to serve as a private in the Militia—a poor counterpart for the twenty-eight days of the French Reservist—an elderly wife, a pretty step-daughter who wants to marry a soldier, a head clerk in love with the daughter, a young lady of not disputable character, some officers, a barmaid, a fiery colonel, a tedious military surgeon, a shouting chambermaid: mix them all up, place great reliance on unseemly changes of clothes before the audience, serve up hot with rattle and rush, disregard coherence, leave wit out of the question, and you will have something like "On Leave." Perhaps I should have added, get a clever company fit for far higher work, including Mr. Arthur Playfair, who improves rapidly; Miss Kate Phillips, always satisfactory; Miss Esmé Beringer, brilliant in her work; and pretty Miss May Palfrey.

It seems quite strange to turn to "The Manxman" after talking of the adapted farce, although "The Manxman" itself is an adaptation, and to some extent suffers in consequence, for it certainly assumes some antecedent knowledge on the part of the audience of Mr. Hall Caine's powerful novel. The student of acting who misses "The Manxman" is to be pitied. Mr. Wilson Barrett is a man of several styles, and I do not like some of them at all; but in the Pete line he seems to me unique. The Pete of Mr. G. W. Cockburn was very able and interesting, but pales by the side of the superb performance of Mr. Barrett. It is curious that an actor who in a part such as this shows strongest restraint and avoidance of exaggeration and employs a grand voice with perfect judgment, should in other plays forget all such qualities. I wonder whether "The Manxman" will "catch on." To those who admire such stuff as "The Daughters of Babylon" it must seem tame

and unattractive. To the critical it is amazing that the same man can have written both, for "The Manxman," if not a great play or finely finished, is an excellent specimen of homely pathetic drama, while "The Daughters of Babylon"—well, perhaps the maxim *de mortuis* applies to plays. Whether Miss Maud Jeffries will ever accomplish all that has been foretold of her still, to me, seems doubtful. However, her Kirrie has gained in strength, and is a charming piece of work, so it is difficult to say what she may have in reserve. Mr. Ambrose Manning is among the number of really valuable actors introduced to the stage by Mr. Barrett, and proves himself versatile as well as very clever. Mr. Percival and Mr. Hodges both act ably.

That "The Queen's Proctor," as a work of dramatic art, deserves the praise that has been lavished on it I should hesitate to say. Indeed, I think that Mr. Brookfield's version of "Divorçons" was the cleverer. However, Mr. Herman Merivale may well be content, for his is the successful adaptation, and in the hand of Mr. Bourchier's company has earned huge volumes of laughter. Both the English efforts seem to me to miss the serious psychological note in the play of Sardou and De Najac. Miss Violet Vanbrugh is one of the actresses upon whom the critic keeps his eye, for such work as her ingenious Lady Crofton, if not a perfect triumph of art, is a remarkable piece of acting for a young player, and, taken with her serious efforts, excites something like amazement. Comic waiters one has seen by the thousand, but few half as funny as Mr. Mark Kinghorne. Mr. Arthur Bourchier seems a little disposed to mar his clever work by insincerity, by recognition of the existence of the audience.

"Doctor Johnson," by Mr. Leo Trevor, which precedes the farce, is the best curtain-raiser that I have seen for many a day, and Mr. Bourchier's realisation of the lexicographer is extraordinarily good, standing, as the mere photographs indicate, at the very poles from his Sir Victor Crofton in "The Queen's Proctor." There is sentiment, there is wit, there is movement in "Doctor Johnson," and not a single yawn in it. The story is simple. Mrs. Boswell (Miss Sidney Crowe, well known to provincial theatre folk) is getting wearied by what she believes to be Bozzy's coldness, when an old lover of hers, her cousin Captain Alan McKenzie (Mr. Charles Weir), reappears on the scene, his regiment being quartered in Edinburgh. Johnson (Mr. Bourchier) is the guest of Bozzy (Mr. Fred Thorne), and throws the whole house into an uproar by his boorishness, which is not lessened when he finds that his hostess does not welcome him. But, before he leaves, he unfolds to her Bozzy's devotion to her, and he checks an attempted elopement which the gallant Captain had suggested. Everybody acts admirably. Mr. Fred Thorne makes a capital old Scot, while Miss Crowe has caught the curious cadences of the Edinburgh voice as if she had been bred in the Scots capital. Mr. Weir makes a fine soldier, and Mr. Bourchier realises precisely the Johnson that most of us conceive. He has rarely done anything better.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER IN "THE QUEEN'S PROCTOR."
Photo by Ells, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

THE FORESTS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

A GREAT AND GROWING INDUSTRY.

Considerable interest is being taken at the present time in the timber industry of Western Australia, an industry which the Premier, Sir John Forrest, recently stated was only second in importance to that of gold-



VIEW IN JARRAH FOREST, WAIGERUP ESTATE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

mining. Many of the principal thoroughfares in London have been paved with Westralian Karri and Jarrah, notably Piccadilly and Thames Street, and it is intended to lay down the whole of Regent Street with the same woods. In view of the importance of this comparatively new colonial industry, a representative of *The Sketch* sought and obtained a brief interview with Mr. Charles Temperley, whose firm, in Bishopsgate Street, are the principal importers of the timbers to this country.

"You have been associated with the timber industry of Western Australia for many years, have you not, Mr. Temperley?" I inquired.

"Yes; in fact, I was largely concerned in the introduction of Karri into this market. Indeed, we were the first people to introduce Karri into Europe."

"Was it difficult to get West Australian hardwoods introduced?"

"Well, yes, at first it was an extremely difficult task, but I was so convinced of the value of these timbers that I knew it to be only a question of time before they became the most popular hardwoods in the market, besides which there is a growing scarcity of hardwoods in other parts of the world."

"What special qualities do Jarrah and Karri possess?"

"Remarkable toughness and durability. They are also much to

be preferred to soft-wood on sanitary grounds, being almost non-absorbent. The principal use to which they have been put in this country is street-paving, and there is almost an unlimited market for them, the timber hitherto used in the streets being soft-wood, which is not only much more perishable, but very costly in comparison with the Australian Karri and Jarrah."

"But the prime cost of soft-wood is not so great as that of Karri, is it?"

"No; but the life of Jarrah and Karri has been proved in more than one place in London to be three times that of soft-wood, whereas the actual first cost is only about sixty per cent. more. At the end of the Strand, between Morley's Hotel and the Grand Hotel, the engineer of the district puts its life down in comparison with that of pine at five to one, though the traffic is very heavy. Most of the London parishes—for instance, Piccadilly and Pall Mall—are paved with Karri, and in the provinces such towns as Plymouth, Cardiff, Manchester, Nottingham, &c., have largely used it."

"Where do you chiefly obtain your timber from?"

"Entirely from Messrs. C. and E. Millar's forests near Albany, and in the Darling Ranges near Perth. Karri comes from the former, and Jarrah from the latter."

"Then you are importers both of Karri and Jarrah?"

"Oh, yes; we are by far the largest importers of Jarrah, and the only importers of Karri, in this country. Messrs. Millar are the largest freehold forest owners in the colony. Millars' alone are producing between 60,000 and 70,000 loads per annum, equal to 100,000 tons. The population of Millar's township at Copenhagen is something like two thousand, and they are entirely dependent upon the timber industry, and the firm probably support the same number of people at their various Jarrah stations."

"Have you any preference in the matter of Karri and Jarrah?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I have not, except perhaps for street-paving, in which case I should give the preference to Karri, owing to its greater elasticity and toughness. Jarrah is probably more suitable for joinery purposes, being a milder timber to work."

"Have you noticed a considerable increase in this trade of late?"

"Yes; our mills have had to work night and day in order to keep pace with the orders received from various parts of the world."

"And what steps are you taking to meet this increased demand?"

"The Millar Brothers are erecting several new mills of the very latest type, capable of producing enormous quantities of sawn timber, and are extending their railways and tramways into the forests in all directions, and the present demand will increase; in fact, our business is developing in South America and South Africa to a greater extent almost than it is in England."

"It is almost needless for me to ask whether the industry as now prosecuted is a profitable one?"

"That is a matter which I prefer not to touch upon," remarked Mr. Temperley; "but," he added, "I think you may take it that the large extensions which Messrs. Millar have carried out have not been made without due deliberation and ample justification."



VIEW IN KARRI FOREST, DENMARK HILLS ESTATE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

NO PROMOTION MONEY HAS BEEN OR WILL BE PAID, AND NO PART OF THE CAPITAL HAS BEEN OR WILL BE UNDERWRITTEN.

The LIST of APPLICATIONS OPENS TO-DAY, April 28, 1897, and CLOSES on or before FRIDAY, April 30, 1897, at 4 p.m., for Town, and on or before MONDAY, May 3, for the Country and Abroad.

A. J. WHITE, Limited (the Vendor Company), INVITE APPLICATIONS for the UNDERMENTIONED ISSUE.

A. J. WHITE (LIMITED)

("MOTHER SEIGEL'S").

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.)

CAPITAL - - - - £1,000,000,

DIVIDED INTO

500,000 SIX PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES of £1 each (Preferred as to Capital and Dividend), and 500,000 ORDINARY SHARES of £1 each, of which 333,332 Shares (being the maximum allowed by the rules of the London Stock Exchange) will be issued to the Vendors as fully paid, in part payment of the purchase-money.

ISSUE OF 333,334 PREFERENCE SHARES AND 333,334 ORDINARY SHARES OF £1 EACH AT PAR.

Both classes of Shares are payable as follows: 2s. 6d. on Application; 7s. 6d. on Allotment; 10s. one Month after Allotment.

DIRECTORS.

*HENRY KING PACKARD, 35, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., Chairman and Managing Director.
ALDERMAN ALF COOKE, J.P., Ex-Mayor of Leeds, Crown Point Works, and Westwood Hall, Leeds.
MILTON BARTHOLOMEW, Managing Director of the Yost Typewriter Company, Limited, 50, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and "Grassington," Beckenham, Kent.
*THOMAS PLATT (Messrs. Clarke, Son, and Platt), 85, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.
CHARLES BIRCHALL, 7 and 9, Victoria Street, Liverpool, and The Laurels, Egremont, Cheshire.
*ALFRED LOADER, 30, Reade Street, New York.
BENJAMIN BARLOW NIXON (Messrs. Brough, Nicholson, and Hall, Leek, Staffordshire; and 41, Cheapside, E.C.), Ballington House, Leek, Staffordshire.

*Being Directors of the Vendor Company will not join the Board until after Allotment.

BANKERS.—THE CITY BANK Limited, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.; The Head Office, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., and all Branches.

BROKERS.

Messrs. MILLAR and LLEWELLYN, 24, Austin Friars, Throgmorton Street, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. RANGER, BURTON, and FROST, Langbourn Chambers, 17, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C., for the Company.

Messrs. MAITLANDS, PECKHAM, and CO., 17, Knightbridge Street, Doctors' Commons, London, E.C., for the Vendors.

AUDITOR.—Mr. WM. ORTON ATTREE, F.C.A. (Messrs. Attree, Wilson, and Attree, Chartered Accountants), 41, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY and OFFICES.—E. P. WATKINS, 35, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

P R O S P E C T U S .

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring as a going concern the entire business and assets of A. J. White, Limited (Incorporated in 1884), the well-known Medicine Proprietors, of 35, 37, 39, 43, and 47, Farringdon Road, London (who are themselves the Vendors to this Company, and its sole promoters), and of carrying on, developing, and extending the same.

The property to be acquired includes the goodwill, trade names, trade-marks, recipes, formulae, leasehold premises, tenancies, contracts, rights, fixtures, fittings, utensils, chattels, stock-in-trade (manufactured and unmanufactured), assets, and property (except book-debts, and credits, and cash in hand), as the same stand on March 31, 1897, which is the date up to which the Vendors will discharge all debts and liabilities, and from which all profits will be taken by the Company, and dividend be paid on its Shares.

This business, which has now attained such colossal dimensions, was established in London by Mr. A. J. White in 1877, and some idea of its growth and development may be obtained from the fact that to keep pace with it the following centres of distribution have had to be established, and are now in full operation.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Nos. 35, 37, 39, 43, and 47, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.—H. K. Packard, Managing Director.

UNITED STATES.

30, Reade Street, New York.—Alfred Loader, Director and Manager.

CANADA.

71A, St. James's Street, Montreal.—Frank Cooper, Manager.

FRANCE.

Principal Branch—Lille, 118, Boulevard de la Liberté.—Oscar Fanyau and Charles Decroix, Managers.
Dépôts—Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux.

SPAIN.

Barcelona, Calle de Caspe, No. 155.—Charles Howell, Manager.

AUSTRALASIA.

Sydney, 160, Clarence Street.—William H. Blight and George O. Owers, Joint Managers.
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SOUTH AFRICA.

Cape Town, 28, St. George's Street.—W. H. Hilley and Charles W. Clarke, Joint Managers.
Dépôts—Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban.

In the building up of this business more than ONE MILLION FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS STERLING HAS BEEN JUDICIOUSLY EXPENDED in advertising and placing before the public its various proprietary articles, more especially the famous Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, which is believed to have the largest sale of any proprietary medicine in the world.

It is not necessary to set forth here the merits of the various preparations themselves, or the high favour in which they are held by the public all over the world. The enormous sales, and the marvellous manner in which they have increased during the past nineteen years, speak eloquently in these respects. It may, however, be pointed out that, unlike a patent, or a mine, or any diminishing property, the goodwill never expires or works out, but tends to go on increasing in value and stability year after year without limit.

As to the profits, £357,685 0s. 6d. has been earned, and (including Balances brought forward and carried forward) £360,000 has actually been distributed by way of dividend during the four years ending June 30, 1896, and this, notwithstanding the strong conservative policy which has been followed with regard to the accounts of the business, and which is instanced in Mr. Attree's report. THE AVERAGE OF THE PROFITS EARNED DURING THIS PERIOD OF FOUR YEARS IS, THEREFORE, UPWARDS OF £89,000 PER ANNUM.

The nominal capital of the Vendor Company is comparatively small, and the value of the Shares has hitherto been out of all proportion to their nominal amount, and they have been held by a few large Shareholders and their friends. There have been none but private dealings in them, and there has been but little opportunity for the public or the trade to acquire any. It is in order to alter this state of things, and to bring the proportions of the Company more into line with the proportions of the magnificent business it owns, and in particular to make the Shares freely marketable, and to enable the innumerable agents and customers of the Company to secure a direct interest in its profits and success, that the present Company has been formed.

The purchase price for the entire business and property has been fixed by the Vendors at £960,000, on account of which the Vendors take in Shares the maximum amount which, by the rules of the London Stock Exchange, they are allowed to take, viz., 166,666 Preference Shares and 166,666 Ordinary Shares, and the balance in cash.

The £40,000 allowed for Working Capital will be amply sufficient for the purpose, the business of the Company being practically a ready-money business, but debts being almost unknown, and the whole of the stock-in-trade (manufactured and unmanufactured) being included in the purchase price.

The Board has been constituted solely with a view to the successful commercial conduct of the Company's business, and the earning and payment of dividends. Mr. H. K. Packard, who has been the Managing Director of the Vendor Company since it commenced business in 1884, will contract to serve the Company for five years in that capacity, so that the same efficient and experienced administration that has conducted to the success of the business in the past will be continued to the Company in the future. Two of the other Directors have also been Directors of

the Vendor Company, while the remainder of the Board consists of known business men, who have for years been identified as Shareholders with the interests of the business and are desirous of continuing their connection with the present Company.

The Vendors will pay ALL COSTS, CHARGES, AND EXPENSES OF EVERY KIND incidental to the formation and registration of the Company, and up to the first allotment, and will also CONVEY AND TRANSFER THE VARIOUS PROPERTIES to the Company, free of all expenses, stamp duty included. The Company will, therefore, enter into the immediate receipt of the entire profits of the business without having to bear any of the expenses usually incident to a new Company.

The Directors of the Company do not contemplate issuing any Debentures, and the Articles of Association provide that no Debentures or Debenture Stock shall be issued without the sanction of a special Resolution of the Shareholders.

The books of the Vendor Company have throughout its existence been kept under the supervision of Mr. W. O. Attree, F.C.A., of the firm of Messrs. Attree, Wilson, and Attree, Chartered Accountants, whose certificate is as follows—

"41, Coleman Street, London, E.C., April 8, 1897.

"To the Directors of A. J. White, Limited.

"GENTLEMEN,—Having audited the accounts of A. J. White, Limited, since the formation of the Company in July 1884, I have pleasure in certifying that the business has been a steadily increasing one, paying large dividends from its commencement.

"In accordance with your instructions, I have made a special examination of the books for the four years ending June 30, 1896, and find that (excluding balances brought forward and carried forward) THE ACTUAL NET PROFITS HAVE BEEN £357,685 0s. 6d., AND THAT THE AVERAGE NET PROFITS, THEREFORE, AMOUNT TO £89,421 5s. 1½d. PER ANNUM.

"Taking the average of the four years' net profits, viz.: £89,421 5 1½

"Dividend on 500,000 £6 per Cent. Cumulative Preference

Shares requires £30,000 0 0

"Dividend at 10 per cent. on 500,000 Ordinary Shares requires... 50,000 0 0

80,000 0 0

"Leaving a surplus equal to nearly 2 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, viz.: ... £9,421 5 1½

"ALL ADVERTISING has year by year been written off against the year's profits. REPAIRS, ALTERATIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS have also been charged in current expenses. Not a penny addition has been made to the original goodwill or trade-marks, &c., of the business for the last ten years and upwards. EVEN INCOME-TAX ON THE DIVIDENDS DISTRIBUTED HAS BEEN PAID BY THE COMPANY.

"The profits shown above have, therefore, been arrived at after debiting and discharging EVERY POSSIBLE ITEM which, in my judgment, could be charged against them.

"With reference to the trading of the past nine months, ending March 31, 1897, I cannot at present give the exact figures, as the final accounts have not yet been received from the various branches abroad, BUT THE SALES HAVE BEEN WELL MAINTAINED, AND INTERIM DIVIDENDS AMOUNTING TO £39,000 ON ACCOUNT OF PROFITS have been declared and paid in respect of the six months from August 1896 to January 1897.

"I remain, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM ORTON ATTREE, F.C.A., Auditor."

(Messrs. Attree, Wilson, and Attree, Chartered Accountants, 41, Coleman Street, London, E.C.)

Application for settlement and quotation on the Stock Exchange will be made in due course. An Agreement has been entered into, dated April 12, 1897, between the Vendor Company of the one part and Paul Church, on behalf of the present Company, of the other part, being the Agreement for the sale and purchase of the business, and the Company will forthwith enter into another Agreement with Mr. H. K. Packard for his services as Managing Director.

There are, or may be, other Contracts in connection with the business which it is impossible or inadvisable to specify here, which Contracts, or some of them, may be Contracts within the meaning of the 35th Section of the Companies Act, 1867. Applicants for Shares will be deemed to have notice of such Contracts and to have agreed with the Company, as Trustees for all persons liable, to waive any claims they may have against such persons for not more fully complying with the requirements of the said Section, or on the ground that the Vendor Company stands in a fiduciary position towards this Company, or that in the circumstances the Directors do not constitute an independent Board.

Applications for Shares should be made on the forms accompanying the Prospectus, and be sent to the Company's Bankers, or to any of their branches, with a cheque for the amount payable on application.

The Prospectus and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and also from the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors.

If the number of Shares allotted be less than the number applied for, the deposit will be applied towards what is payable on allotment. If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association and of the Contract and intended Managing Directorship Agreement above mentioned, and of Mr. Attree's Report, may be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

London, E.C., April 1897.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30,
UNDER THE RED ROBE.
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. HAYMARKET.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, H. Beerbohm Tree.
OPENING NIGHT, TO-NIGHT (WEDNESDAY), April 28.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY
By
GILBERT PARKER.

FIRST MATINEE, SATURDAY, May 1, and every following Saturday.
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) Open Daily, 10 to 5. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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BALLET, MONTE CRISTO. Great Success. LUMIERE'S CINEMATOGAPHE.
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS as THE GREAT TRICKOLI. Doors open at 7.45.

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Artist. The New Hungarian Ballet, THE TZIGANE. Exceptional Variety Programme.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Box Office (10 to 6) is now transferred to the Charing Cross Road.
The NEXT FREGOLI MATINEE will be given on SATURDAY NEXT.
Doors open 2.30. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

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WELLINGTON HOTEL; MOUNT EPHRAIM.—Unsurpassed for position, climate, and scenery. Every modern convenience. Suites of rooms. High-class cooking. Fine cellar. Apply for Tariff.—Manager and Manageress, Mr. and Mrs. Boston (late Royal Sussex Hotel, St. Leonards).

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LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

Accelerated Train and Steamboat Service between ENGLAND and IRELAND, via Holyhead and Dublin (North Wall).

COMMENCING MAY 1, 1897.

FROM ENGLAND TO IRELAND.

DAY EXPRESS.—Passengers leaving London (Euston) at 9.30 a.m., Birmingham 11.35 a.m., will be due to arrive in Dublin at 8.30 p.m. instead of 9.30 p.m. as heretofore.

The departures from Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds, in connection with the Day Express from London to Dublin (North Wall) at Chester, will be made slightly earlier than at present, viz.—

Liverpool (Lime Street)	depart 12.50 noon.
Manchester (Exchange)	" 12.40 "
Leeds (New Station)	" 11.0 a.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—A New Express will leave London (Euston) at 10.15 p.m., calling only at Crewe at 1.20 a.m., and reaching Holyhead at 3.30 a.m., the Express Steamer in connection being due to arrive Dublin (North Wall) at 7.30 a.m. Passengers for interior Stations in Ireland will have time for Breakfast at the Company's Hotel at North Wall before proceeding by the Irish Railway Company's morning Express Trains from Dublin.

A Sleeping-Saloon for First-Class Passengers will be attached to the new 10.15 p.m. Express Train from Euston to Holyhead.

The connecting Trains will leave Birmingham at 11.42 p.m., Manchester (London Road) 12 night, and Liverpool (Lime Street) at 11.55 p.m.

Passengers from Yorkshire travelling by the Night Mail via Normanton will be able to join the train at Crewe.

FROM IRELAND TO ENGLAND.

DAY EXPRESS.—The London and North-Western Company's Express Steamer now leaving Dublin (North Wall) at 9.30 a.m. will leave at 9.15 a.m. instead, and the Express Train from Holyhead leaving at 2.40 p.m. will be due to reach Liverpool (Lime Street) at 5.45 p.m., Manchester (Exchange) at 6.10 p.m., Birmingham at 7.5 p.m., and London (Euston) at 8.45 p.m. (instead of 10.15 p.m.).

A Dining-Car for First-Class Passengers will be run by this Train from Holyhead to London.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—The London and North-Western Company's Express Steamer now leaving Dublin (North Wall) at 7.10 p.m. will leave at 8.50 p.m., and the connecting Train from Holyhead will leave at 1.50 a.m., arriving Birmingham at 6.15 a.m., and London (Euston) at 7.25 a.m.

A Sleeping-Saloon for First-Class Passengers will be attached to this train.

In connection with the same Steamer, a fast Train will leave Holyhead at 2.5 a.m. for Liverpool and Manchester, reaching those places at 5.20 and 5.30 a.m. respectively.

For further particulars, see Time Bills and other announcements.

Euston, April 1897. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

Accelerated Train and Steamboat Service between ENGLAND and the NORTH OF IRELAND, via Holyhead and Greenore.

TWO NEW STEAMERS,

Fitted with every modern improvement, have been placed by the London and North-Western Company on their Holyhead and Greenore Service, and,

COMMENCING ON MAY 1,

The following Improved Service for Passengers to and from the North of Ireland will be brought into operation—

FROM ENGLAND TO THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

The Steamer in connection with the Trains leaving London (Euston) at 6.30 p.m., Birmingham at 8.40 p.m., Manchester (Exchange) at 9.2 p.m., and Liverpool (Lime Street) at 9.45 p.m., will leave Holyhead at 1.40 a.m., and be due to arrive Greenore at 6.15 a.m.

A Train in connection will leave Greenore at 6.30 a.m. for Dundalk, enabling Passengers (First, Second, and Third Class) to arrive Belfast at 8.50 a.m., and Londonderry at 10.30 a.m.

A Dining-Car for First-Class Passengers will be attached to the 6.30 p.m. Train from London (Euston Station) to Holyhead.

FROM THE NORTH OF IRELAND TO ENGLAND.

The Steamer for Holyhead will leave Greenore at 8 p.m., after arrival of the Trains leaving Belfast at 5.20 p.m., Londonderry at 3.5 p.m., and Enniskillen at 4.20 p.m., and will be in connection at Holyhead with Express Trains due to arrive Liverpool at 5.20 a.m., Manchester at 5.30 a.m., Birmingham at 6.15 a.m., and London at 7.25 a.m.

A Sleeping-Saloon for First-Class Passengers will be attached to the Train from Holyhead to London.

For further particulars, see Time Bills and other announcements.

Euston, April 1897. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

NEW SERIES. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE ARGOSY for MAY contains—

PEACE WITH HONOUR. A Serial Story. By Sydney C. Grier. Chaps. IX-X.—
THE GOLDEN AGE. By Pauline W. Roose.—NURSE AND DOCTOR. By Anna H. Drury.—THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE. By Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S.—
PHARAOH'S CURSE. By Lucian Sorrel.—MY LADY MOON. A Serial Story. By Lady Margaret Majendie. Chaps. XVIII-XXI.—FURTHER ADVENTURES OF A GUINEA PIG. By C. J. Langston.—STORIES OF PRISON LIFE. By Lindon Meadows.—THE INFERNAL MACHINE. By George Fosbery.—STANZAS. By Matthew Robinson.—&c., &c., &c. Profusely and Beautifully Illustrated.
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TO THE CONTINENT,

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TWICE DAILY IN BOTH DIRECTIONS.

GREAT ACCELERATION of Service from May 1, 1897. Through Carriages from and to Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, to and from Queenboro' Pier. (Liverpool, dep. 4.5 p.m.; Manchester, dep. 4.15 p.m.; Birmingham, dep. 5.45 p.m.)

Berlin arrival 7 p.m. (M.E.T.), instead of 8.23 p.m.

Arrival in London by Day Service, 7.15 p.m., instead of 9.5 p.m., thus saving 1½ hours.

Apply for Time-Tables to the

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where Circular Tickets may be obtained at Three Days' Notice.

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INSURANCE TICKET. (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)
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PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

April 28, 1897.

Signature.....

SMALL TALK.

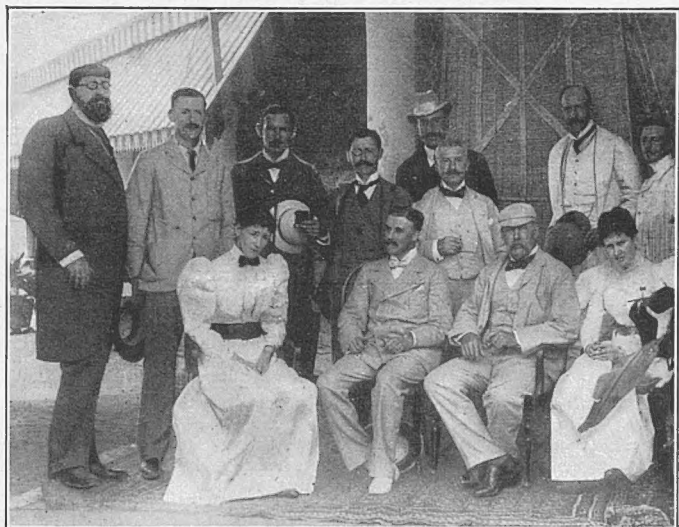
By June 22 the book world will surely contain nothing but Jubilee literature. I have received from Messrs. Thomas Forman and Sons, of Nottingham, a large chromo-lithograph of the Queen, printed from a photograph by Messrs. Gunn and Stuart. Messrs. Carslake, of Charing Cross Road, supplement the subject in a shilling quarto, which gives twelve portraits of the Queen, taken between 1820 and 1855. "The Queen's Empire" is the title of an elaborate photographic album, dealing with various aspects of the reign, published by Messrs. Cassell. The first number treats of the government and administration of the Empire, and is introduced by Mr. Arnold-Forster in a readable preface. The pictures are very vivid, and are excellently reproduced. Mr. Michael G. Mulhall, the editor of "The Dictionary of Statistics," has written for Messrs. Routledge a little book on "National Progress in the Queen's Reign." It is crammed full of statistics, and there are some admirable diagrams in it. Mrs. Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner has written an article on "The Wars in the Reign" in the *Reformer*, a magazine which has been started in support of the Bradlaugh creed. The *Reformer* is very strenuous, and is full of information for those who take an interest in all social questions.

The Educational Supply Association, Limited, is prepared to supply a special edition of a new illustrated volume of 256 pages, entitled "Queen Victoria and Her People" (published at 1s. 6d.), at sixpence net, on condition that the books are either given to the children or sold to them without a profit.

The report of the Life-Saving Society which I have just received reproduces some of the pictures of swimming-drill which appeared in *The Sketch*. When you come to think of it, it is rather extraordinary that in an island like ours, and with a sea-going people like ourselves, swimming is not made a part of the elementary compulsory education. Until the formation of the Society but little public interest was taken in teaching people to swim, or in the best methods of rescuing the apparently drowned. After all, swimming is not everything; many expert swimmers have lost their lives from sheer inability to release themselves from the death-grip of the persons they have attempted to rescue. The handbook of instructions for the rescue of the drowning is a valuable little pamphlet, and tells clearly and concisely what may be called the elementary rules of life-saving from drowning. It is pleasant to see that the Hon. President of the Life-Saving Society is the Duke of York, while the acting President, the Hon. Sydney Holland, is a distinguished swimmer, and takes a very active interest in the work. Here and there, notably at Nottingham, the School Board has consented to make life-saving a particular subject of instruction at Evening Continuation classes. In addition to much other good work, the Life-Saving Society awards medals, prizes, and certificates to members of large and small swimming clubs and classes.

The other day I published a portrait of Captain T. C. S. Speedy, who is acting as interpreter for the British Mission to Abyssinia, and now I am able to give a portrait of the eight members of the Mission, taken at Aden, where they landed on March 15 and were the guests of the Governor, General Cunningham, till the 17th, when they started their journey. Apropos of the Mission, Mr. H. P. Fitzgerald Marriott writes referring to an ancient talismanic opal ring mentioned by Captain

Major Swayne. Pinchin Bey. Lieut. Reddell.
Capt. Speedy. Col. Bingham. Count Gleichen. Col. Wingate. Lord Cecil.



Mrs. Cunningham. Mr. Rennell Rodd. Gen. Cunningham. Miss Cunningham.
(Head of Mission). (Governor of Aden).

THE ABYSSINIAN MISSION AT THE RESIDENCY, ADEN.

George Peacock, F.R.G.S., in his book, "The Guinea, or Gold Coast of Africa, Formerly a Colony of the Ancient Egyptians in the Reign of King Solomon." This jewel, which was inscribed with hieroglyphic Sinaitic characters, is believed to have been presented by the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, and to have passed from Jerusalem through the hands of Romans, Jewish Rabbis, Popes, Cardinal Wolsey, and the

monks of Leicester Abbey, eventually coming to the ancestors of the late Sir William Tonkins, of Teignmouth, to whose "infant heiress" he stated in 1873 that the ring belonged. Where is it now?

Another centenarian. Mrs. Flynn, known as "Grannie," is an inmate of "Nazareth House" Home for the aged poor and orphan children at Southsea. She is said to have been born at Cork so long ago as 1792, but the exact month is not known, as she has survived all her relatives with the exception of a great-granddaughter, now twenty-five years of age, living at Salford. She has lived for the last fifty years in England, and seven years ago she became an inmate of the Home. Although able to take her meals regularly, she cannot get about very well without assistance—in fact, she has not left the Home for about six years. She has had eight children, none of whom are living. The rest of her career is unobtainable, as her memory fails her, and her sole surviving relative is too young to be in possession of the history of the early part of her life.



MRS. FLYNN.

Photo by Russell, Southsea.

Mr. Robert Donald, the indefatigable editor of *London*—it is strange that a Scot should be the guide, philosopher, and friend of the capital—has just compiled the "Municipal Year-Book of the United Kingdom." It is full of interest, and treats municipalities from the point of view of their construction rather than their administration. In point of municipal government, London has a great deal to learn.

It is all very well for Mr. George Meredith, in his "Essay on Comedy," to urge that folly ought to excite our laughter, and not our anger or disdain. If he had been at Calais or Boulogne during the Easter holidays and seen some of his countrymen there, he would scarcely have been able to restrain a feeling of irritation. The loud, swaggering, ignorant Cockney went across the Channel in fine style. His attire must have given the stay-at-home Frenchman a peculiar notion of our habits. What on earth tempts him to go to France in a knickerbocker suit with a deer-stalker cap? And why, when he never holds a gun at home, should he wear abroad a sort of shooting-costume with tight leggings up to his knees? The knowledge of French possessed by this type of Cockney is peculiar if not extensive. Asked by the polite waitress if it is this dish or that which he will have, or whether he will take white wine or red, "Oh, oui!" he says, and waits the result with ill-concealed wonderment. At the café it is amusing to watch our friend. He orders his "bock" or his cognac, asks "Combien?" and puts down a five-franc piece, taking meekly the change which the wily waiter may be pleased to count out, and returning to the *garçon* a princely *pourboire*.

This familiar type I escaped at Etaples. In a clean little café in that interesting fishing village I found some clever paintings on the walls by artists of various nationalities. There was one by Mr. Dudley Hardy, who had sojourned in the place. It is a pleasant resort and very cheap, *pension* being at the modest rate of six francs per day. On the other side of the estuary is Paris-Plage, a town veritably built on the sand. A drive thither on the omnibus through the fine woods costs only sixty centimes. Paris-Plage looks more alive than it was a year or two ago, but is still in its infancy, there being names of imaginary streets without any houses, and most of the buildings looking like caravans. A little further on is Mayville, to which Englishmen are being attracted. The good folk of Boulogne are very jealous of these new rivals. I only hope the neighbourhood will not be spoiled by Mr. Purse-Proud from the Stock Exchange. Montreuil is as yet unspoiled. It has a charming, old-world air. Easter Sunday there would have been as quiet as a Sabbath in Scotland but for the military bands. It was pleasant to walk along the ramparts, looking inward to the trim gardens and outward to the wide panorama of valley and wood and village. The Hotel de France at Montreuil is comfortable as well as quaint. A light lunch, consisting of *hors d'œuvre*, a savoury omelette, fruit, and a bottle of white wine, besides coffee with cognac, cost three of us only eight and a-half francs. Having walked some distance, we asked if we could have a wash. Thereupon we were taken to the kitchen where our omelette was being mixed, and from a sort of tiny cask, or cistern, in the wall water dripped in sufficient quantity to fill a tea-cup in five minutes. Good old inn! We were sorry to leave it on that quiet Sunday afternoon when everyone came out of the kitchen to nod and smile and say, "Bonjour, Messieurs!"

Bank Holiday in London was fairly good. Nearly eighty thousand people went to the Crystal Palace, and yet not a single police court case resulted from it all.

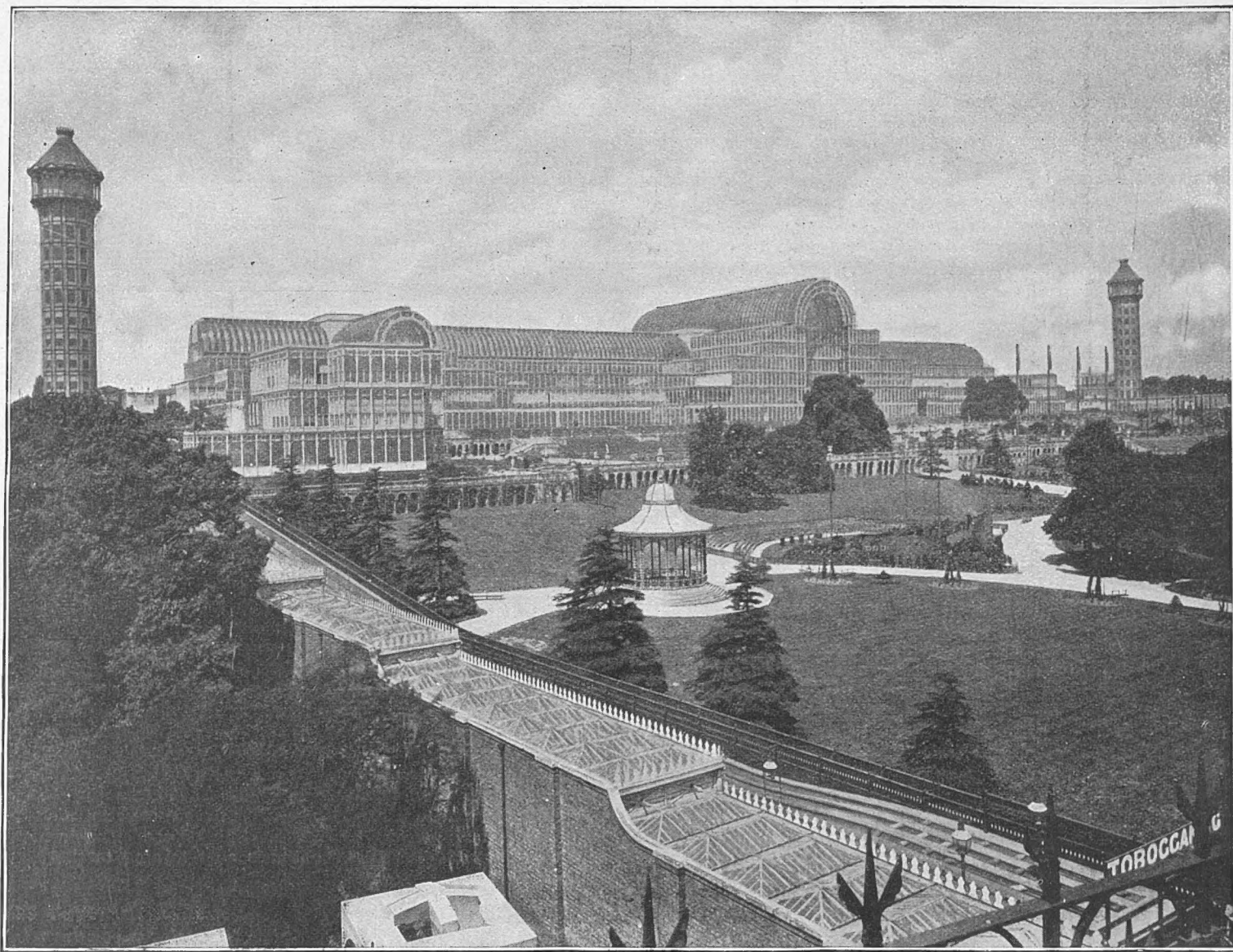
Parents with exuberant families may note with interest the announcement that all children found loose on Hampstead Heath will be taken to "the tent adjoining the donkey-stand." This offers a fine opportunity for starting superfluous children in life at the expense of the ratepayers. In Mr. George Gissing's new story, "The Whirlpool," a gentleman who is weary of parental cares goes off into space, leaving four children to be looked after by his friends. Any father of this turn of mind will now be able to relieve himself of a burden by directing it to "the tent adjoining the donkey-stand." This is a great improvement on Rousseau's plan, and brings us appreciably nearer the time when all children will be confided to the maternal bosom of the State.

The death of Lord Charles Brudenell-Bruce inflicts a severe loss on musical circles in London, as well as on the many friends and

the great novelist—to learn that he was indebted to the immortal German's creation for his fanciful character of Fenella in "Peveril of the Peak." Sir Walter was not the man to borrow without a proper acknowledgment of his debt, and this is what he himself has to say upon the subject, writing from Abbotsford in 1831—

The character of Fenella, which, from its peculiarity, made a favourable impression on the public, was far from being original. The fine sketch of Mignon, in "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," a celebrated work from the pen of Goethe, gave the idea of such a being. But the copy will be found greatly different from my great prototype; nor can I be accused of borrowing anything, save the general idea, from an author, the honour of his own country and an example to the authors of other kingdoms, to whom all must be proud to owe an obligation.

Whether Scott in his omnivorous reading ever met with the little volume of poems published in honour of the Petronella who was the original of Mignon, I know not, but I should imagine that it is not impossible that he did so. I cannot find any note on the selection of his choice of the name of Fenella for his presumably deaf-and-dumb heroine;



THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY YORK AND SONS, LANCASTER ROAD, W.

acquaintances to whom his agreeable personality, his kindness, and courtesy had endeared him. Lord Charles took an immense interest in all musical matters, was fond of the society of musical artists and composers, and gave much time to the founding of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, which has done excellent work all over the country since it was inaugurated some years ago. Lord Charles Bruce was the only son of that well-known and popular leader of society, Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, who died a few years since, she being the second wife of the first Marquis. He, therefore, stood in the relationship of half-brother to the father of the present holder of the title, and was a great-uncle of the late unfortunate peer, whose too notorious career has hardly yet had time to be forgotten. Lord Charles's London residence was in Carlton House Terrace, the big white house which overlooks the garden on the eastern side of the broad thoroughfare leading from Pall Mall to the Duke of York's Column.

Referring to the paragraph concerning the Mignon of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," which appeared in these columns a week or two ago, it will be interesting perhaps to the readers of Sir Walter Scott—who, I fear, are too often inclined to skip the notes and introductions of

he alludes to a somewhat similar case of assumed dumbness, but the heroine of that anecdote is a Scotch lassie with the homely name of Lizzie.

A correspondent writes—

They say that in England chivalry is dead. In London it may be less marked than of yore, but an English gentleman is a gentleman always. A case in point occurred lately in Calgary, a small town situated about midway between Winnipeg and Vancouver, in Canada. Calgary, I may mention, forms the centre of a large ranching district occupied almost entirely by Englishmen, the younger sons of peers many of them, while a large proportion are young men who for some reason or another have in England reached the limit of their financial tether, and have consequently been compelled to emigrate. Now it so happened that when Madame Albani was in Calgary, about a month ago, she one night had occasion to step across several yards of road that lay between her carriage and the entrance to the Grand Opera House, so called probably on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle, as it is neither an opera-house nor grand. A young Englishman, who was standing by at the time, and had just removed his great fur coat before entering the house, noticed at a glance that the road was thick with mud and partly melted snow. In an instant the coat had been quietly stretched upon the ground in order that the famous prima donna might tread upon it and thus avoid soiling her slippers. It is hardly necessary to add that Madame Albani is not likely ever to forget this spontaneous act of courtesy, worthy of a Raleigh or a Richardson.

Two messes are all the richer by the addition of centrepieces which the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company have turned out. The centrepiece of the 2nd Battalion of the Wiltshire Regiment is a massive oval solid silver jardinière, with two ornamental handles and side-panels bearing scenes chased in high relief illustrative of polo. The statuettes



CENTREPIECE FOR THE 2ND BATTALION ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT.

at each end of the base represent (in solid silver) Majors Alexander and Hill respectively. Arranged between the mouldings of the base are laurel-leaves with entwined ribbons bearing the names of the subscribers, past and present members of the regimental Polo Club. Upon the upper pedestal are shown the present regimental crest and those formerly used by the regiment, while on the reverse side is a silver shield bearing an inscription to the effect that the object of the presentation is to commemorate the tour of the regiment in India from 1882 to 1895. The centrepiece of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment is tazza-shaped, with two massive ornamental handles, into which is introduced the "Slipper Rose," one of the badges of the regiment. Standing upon the cover is a finely modelled figure of Victory, and upon each side of the body of the cup is a panel bearing representations of the Battle of Saragossa and the fight at Echalar, where the regiment's attack on the enemy's position was described by Lord Wellington as "the most gallant and the finest thing he had ever witnessed." The body is supported by a richly ornamented stem, and upon the foot stands at each side a beautifully modelled antelope (the regimental crest). The ebonised base carries four finely modelled statuettes, representing the uniforms worn at the periods of 1688, 1810, 1837, and 1896, and at each end are statuettes of mounted officers in uniforms of 1688 and 1800. Arranged between the mouldings of the base are laurel-leaves and ribbons in solid silver, the latter bearing the "honours" of this most distinguished regiment.

More interesting items about the King of Siam. The name of his yacht, on board of which he has just started for Europe, is *Maha-Chackri*, and he has just conferred a Siamese Order upon a Javanese minor sovereign, whose name is infinitely more difficult to say—or to write—than that of Chulalong Korn himself. This Prince of Java is called Djojzakarta Hamangkoe Boewono Senopati ing Ngalogo Ngabser Rahman Sajidin Panoto Gorno Lafakatoellat VII. May I say, "Now we shan't be —" ?

The well-known French ditty "Ne me chatouillez pas" might have pointed a moral or adorned a tale at Hove, where the other day a cabman owed his death literally to his dread of being tickled. The poor fellow was so sensitive in this respect that he used to start back if his friends even poked a finger at him in fun, and a chance collision thus caused with another man standing behind led to the fall that killed him. Many people, of course, are "ticklish," though rarely to the same degree as was the case with this unfortunate cabby, and obviously some anatomical peculiarity is the true scientific explanation of the matter.

Mrs. Williams may indeed congratulate herself on the splendid result attained during the first year of the foundation of her temporary home for lost and starving cats (80, Park Road, Hampstead, N.W.). Two thousand four hundred and fifty cats have been received, and, though this humane work is performed without any subsidy whatever, so far voluntary aid has come in slowly but surely. But it need hardly be pointed out that those who can spare even the most modest sum for poor pussy are furthering and extending a really good work. Mrs. Williams very sensibly determined that her mission was not to provide a permanent home for cats, but to reduce the number of the homeless, and those cats which are not bought or adopted into happy homes by some of the many sympathetic visitors who find their way to this "cattery," are sent to the lethal chamber at Battersea. Mrs. Williams will send for stray cats without making a charge; but she expects those who can afford it to pay the sevenpence for the journey, and the sixpence for the lethal chamber. Visitors are admitted daily, excepting on Sunday, between eleven and seven; cats are taken in any day or hour, and Mrs. Williams is constantly up with them at night, doctoring them and feeding them. It must be remembered that this excellent lady has not only cleared our streets of over two thousand homeless cats, but that these would undoubtedly have greatly

multiplied during the last year, and even the most heartless individual would stand aghast at the thought of a wild-cat plague in our parks and squares.

The list of crimes laid at the door of the cat is long enough, in all conscience, and I had hardly supposed the species had left any enormity possible to it uncommitted. It has been reserved for an Ayrshire cat to prove the contrary. Quite recently a farmer, who had lost numerous lambs this season through dogs and foxes, discovered that a big tom-cat was one of his worst enemies. The cat was seen to steal along the top of a wall under which the young lambs were sunning themselves, spring upon one, and kill it. A large cat would make almost as short work of a lamb as would a dog; but "Sheep-Worrying by a Cat" is rather a startling head-line.

I have just had sent me by Mr. J. A. Bailey, who carries on Barnum's business, an elaborately illustrated guide to the "Greatest Show on Earth." To mention all its features would be too dazzling, but a few may be noticed. Among the marvellous living human curiosities, "Great Peter," so styled because he weighs only six and a-half pounds, might make Tom Thumb fill with envy, and in violent contrast is Ella Ewing, the eight and a-half feet giantess; while, as if to prove that there is nothing new under the sun, two pretty little sisters, Radica and Doodica, recall those marvels of another age, the Siamese Twins. Messrs. Barnum and Bailey long made a special feature of curious trained animals. The show now includes twenty-four performing elephants, who each have their speciality. Perhaps the most extraordinary item Mr. Bailey has to offer his patrons is Johanna, the only female gorilla now in America. Her extraordinary cunning, which is almost human, has excited a good deal of interest among those whom the sight of seventy horses in one united act leaves indifferent. Mr. Bailey is certainly to be congratulated on the way in which he has carried on his own and his late partner's great business. The management of a huge show must require extraordinary administrative ability, and a glance at the mammoth winter quarters of "Barnum's" is far more impressive than is the most extraordinary of the many exhibitions conducted simultaneously by Mr. Bailey. In this ten-acre plot of ground are a dozen huge brick buildings, for everything concerning the show is manufactured at the place itself, and hundreds of mechanics are employed, while there is scarce a well-known trainer in the world who has not served his apprenticeship there.

The new Hotchkiss Automatic Machine-gun, if its performances bear out the character given it officially by the Washington authorities, must be the most formidable destructive engine human ingenuity has yet turned out. It consists of a single small-bore rifle-barrel, which does the actual shooting, welded upon another and slightly shorter cylinder barrel which is closed at the muzzle; these two barrels are connected by a small hole drilled at about two-thirds of their length from the breech. When a shot is fired a portion of the expanding gases driving out the bullet passes through this hole after the missile has passed it. The pressure thus generated in the lower cylinder barrel works a piston that operates the breech machinery, which ejects the spent cartridge, presses in a new one, closes the breech, cocks the hammer, and fires the gun: when the rush of gases through the hole aforesaid repeats the process. You, therefore, observe that this independent weapon requires human aid only for the first shot; once started, it only wants feeding with cartridges mounted on a brass ribbon. They say that it fires a thousand shots in two minutes three seconds, or rather more than eight rounds a second; in other words, if we assume the muzzle velocity, or speed at



CENTREPIECE FOR THE 2ND BATTALION WILTSHIRE REGIMENT.

which the projectiles leave the gun, to be two thousand feet per second, the bullets follow one another at intervals of about eighty-three yards! My respect for this frightful invention is qualified by curiosity to know how it is kept cool; it does not wear the "water-jacket" affected by less ambitious machine-guns to retard heat caused by rapid fire, but is fitted with some new contrivance. I should like very much to know what that is.

I am told that "The Ballet-Girl" is doing remarkably good business in the provinces. Miss Violet Dene, in the title-rôle, has made a "hit." Whether the piece will come to town, as "The French Maid" has done, I do not know; but what would be the gain of London would be the loss of the provinces, so far as the present company playing "The Ballet-Girl" is concerned.

The ringing of the changes upon "Girl" and a preceding word in play-titles is becoming quite wearisome. We have had "The Gaiety-Girl," "The Shop-Girl," "The Circus-Girl," "The Ballet-Girl," and "The Bicycle-Girl," and from America come tidings about "The Laundry-Girl," and up in the North of England is being announced another new musical comedy, "The Chorus-Girl." Surely the poor "Girl" might now be given a rest!

I have come across a play-bill of "Humanity, By the renowned John Lawson and Co." It has a stirring picture representing one gentleman striking another with a champagne-bottle. The other is armed with a pair of tongs, and the struggle takes place on a staircase, which gives way. The subsequent proceedings must be described in the picturesque language of John Lawson and Co.: "The smashing-up and entire destruction of a magnificently appointed Drawing-Room, Wreckage of Ornaments, Pier Glasses, Windows, Furniture, Brinsmead Piano—in fact, a scene of Despoilation and Demolition never before witnessed, even in the wildest of Dramas." The commonplace idea of stage-furniture is to keep it sumptuously intact for the gratification of the stuck-up middle-classes. John Lawson and Co. appeal to a class of playgoers who rejoice to see the "magnificently appointed Drawing-Room" sent to smithereens. If this ideal should spread, the critics who complain that the drama is too much upholstered may have their way.

Another addition to the store of cleverly amusing theatrical advertisements. The lady, who describes herself as having been "the original Queen Victoria with the late Sir Augustus Harris" (in one of that impresario's gorgeous pantomime processions, of course), now announces that she is "disengaged for the Diamond Jubilee." Surely she ought easily to obtain an engagement somewhere for the end of June.

It will be remembered that some months ago I attempted the classification of the London outlying playhouses on the lines of the No. 1 and No. 2 theatres in provincial towns. Miss Cissy Grahame, of the new Broadway Theatre, Deptford, in inviting offers from touring managers, proclaims firmly that she will accept engagements only for such companies as visit Liverpool, Manchester, and the other principal cities in the country. Thus my suggestion of the above-named principle is being carried into practical effect.

That brilliant brunette Miss Maxine Elliot, well known here for her work with Mr. Augustin Daly's company, and now leading lady with Mr. Nat Goodwin, is the actress whose photographs are at present most in demand among the undergraduates of Harvard University.

Another theatre is to be formed in the Northern suburbs, a new Albert Theatre being promised to emerge from the building now known as the Tottenham Public Hall. The managers will be the Brothers Renad (sons of that fine old actor Harwood Cooper), who are well known for their pantomimic play "The Swiss Express."

While our own Marie Lloyd, the "Maaarie" of the frequenter of British music-halls, has been disporting herself before South African audiences, and while the Transvaal Censorship has been tabooing Mr. Alfred Bryan's clever cartoon showing the "Queen of Song" "winking the other eye" at President Kruger, another Marie Lloyd, a public performer also, but of a very different *genre*, has passed away across the Channel. I refer to the former distinguished *sociétaire* of the Comédie Française, Marie Lloyd, *née* Marie Jolly, who, after ten years of honourable retirement as the wife of the painter Vibert, has died, leaving troops of friends. Daughter of an actress at the Parisian "outlying" theatres, and, so they said, of a celebrated naval officer, the

French Marie Lloyd, after a brilliant career at the Conservatoire, played many important parts at the "House of Molière." Jules Janin bestowed on her special commendation, and surely it was the irony of fate that she should have adopted the same name as that of our music-hall *comédienne*.

The life of an actor, even in these luxurious modern days, is by no means an easy one, especially when he has to play in melodramas of the so-called provincial type. The amount of energy that has to be expended night after night tells upon the constitutions of all save the most robust. The death was lately announced of an old actor whose days were shown to have been shortened by a terrific stage-combat, in which he was always worsted, in a sensational sketch. Even more pitiful is the plight of a poor country comedian of long and varied experience, who attributes his present sad state of partial paralysis

to the fact of his having had his legs knocked from under him nightly in a play in which he for some time took part. The constant violent falling induced concussion of the spine, and that in time led to locomotor ataxy. Does not such a case as this give grim point to Johnson's famous line—"And those that live to please *must* please to live"?

Vivian Burnett, son of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and paragoned all the world over as the prototype of his mother's Little Lord Fauntleroy, is now a student at Harvard, where he has carried off honours in the subjects of English and music. He has just made his début as a playwright in connection with the Pi Eta theatrical performances at Harvard, having written the libretto of a light opera, called "Fool's Gold," with music by a fellow-student, John A. Loud. Another play recently given at Harvard was from the pen of Professor Barrett Wendell, who treated his theme of "Raleigh in Guiana" in quasi-Elizabethan and somewhat ponderous fashion.

Messrs. Beeton and Co. announce that they will shortly publish a new novel, under the title of "The Spirit of the Day," from the pen of Mr. Mulvey Ouseley.



MISS VIOLET DENE.

Photo by Whitlock, Birmingham.

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THE QUICK-CHANGE BOOM.

The rivals in Leicester Square started two new shows in the quick-change craze last week. At the Alhambra Fregoli put on a new piece, "The Eldorado Music Hall." It is far and away the most feasible and the most cleverly carried out programme Fregoli has yet given. He appears as a music-hall proprietor whose artists have struck, and in order not to disappoint his public he undertakes to give the entire performance himself, appearing in nine different types of entertainers. The last is his "Do-mi-Sol," musical eccentric. His manipulation of a whole series of instruments is marvellously clever, and Loie Fuller herself would not be ashamed of his work as a Serpentine dancer. The whole performance from first to last is absorbingly interesting, and Fregoli marks himself out as undoubtedly the head and front of all who attempt the quick-change business.

In a different way, Miss Cissie Loftus, who is also at the Alhambra, is a quick-change artist. With some amusement, I notice that she still keeps to her introductory formula—"Ladies and gentlemen, with your permission I will give you some imitations of leading music-hall and theatrical artists." Perhaps, however, in the music-hall it is wiser to put the theatre in the second place! If anyone is in a hurry to get an idea of these leading artists, he can do no better than listen to Miss Cissie, whose imitations grow more and more remarkable. She shows steady improvement. Her chief novelty is Miss Alice Favier, in "La Poupée," and, though this is less perfect than some of the others, it is remarkable to see how nicely she catches the voice and automaton movements of the charming French girl. I think that she might leave out the Lottie Collins "Little Widow," since she cannot make up her mind to tackle the dance completely. The Gus Elen seems to me the pick of the bunch. How the dainty creature can contrive so completely to catch the by no means ladylike voice of Mr. Gus is quite a puzzle. It is no wonder that the now crowded Alhambra audiences show great pleasure in the work of Miss Cissie Loftus, for, to my mind, it is, in many respects, quite as noteworthy as the performance of Fregoli himself.

At the Empire, Mr. Arthur Roberts made his début as the "Great Trickoli." It is not quite certain that he is the *great* Trickoli at present, for he himself seemed doubtful whether his entertainment quite fulfilled expectations, and there was obvious sincerity in his apology for the shortcomings due to "inexperience." Nevertheless, those who know the popular Arthur are not in the least cast down, for, like many another great artist, he is not a brilliant first-nighter, and probably he excels all others now on the boards in power of working up, in audacity, in inventiveness of "gag" and ingenuity in manufacturing comic business. Indeed, I expect that ere these lines have been printed Trickoli will have vastly changed. It must not be supposed that even now the great Roberts fails to be amusing—in fact, there are some screaming moments in the Protean absurdity, and the house seemed content with almost all, for it takes this player on trust, with the feeling that he will yet elaborate what he has to do.

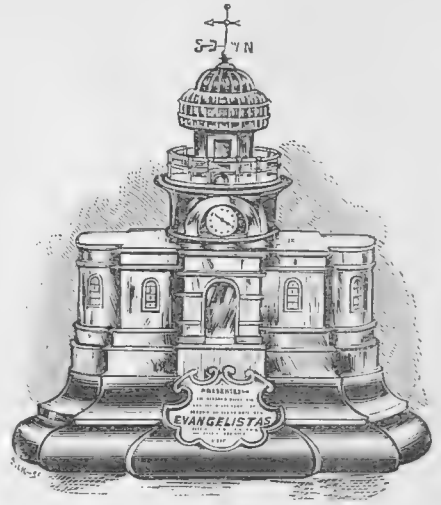
As had been announced, the idea of the "Great Trickoli" is to make fun good-naturedly of the famous Fregoli, an artist for whose gifts I am sure Mr. Arthur Roberts must feel profound admiration. In the little world of London it is well known that the word most constantly associated with Mr. Arthur Roberts is "spoof." It is a little comical that he himself should have been lately spoofed in the matter of the famous slippers. Of this he took advantage by constantly introducing "Oh, dem golden slippers!" into his show. Since Fregoli is a ventriloquist, Arthur Roberts indulged in ventriloquism, which he defined as the art of "producing your voice so that people cannot hear it." Moreover, he gave some mimics of sound, then promptly gave them away. Of course, the notable feature of Fregoli's work is the quick change of costume and identity and the plays in which the man "plays many parts" almost simultaneously, so Mr. Arthur gave us a play which doubtless had a plot, though I fancy that no one detected it. Possibly the characters came on in the wrong order. At any rate, it appeared a mere amusing chaos, with clever little scraps of character, such as Miss Tottie Tightsocks, who gave a perfect serio-comic song, or the Frenchman, who sang nothing in particular in a way that suggested it was full of meaning, or the farmer with a wonderful Roberts-yokel dialect. Some of his real changes were very quick, and doubles were used so deftly that, until at the close the trick was deliberately given away, many of the house thought the Englishman was genuinely holding his own against the Italian. The greatest merriment and heartiest laughter came when "our Arthur" went into the orchestra and appeared first as Sir Arthur Sullivan, secondly as Mascagni, and lastly as Mr. "Jimmy" Glover, the popular Irish conductor; his use of the bâton as a shillelagh, when the band went utterly wrong out of malice, was very comic. There may have been some hitches and gaps in the entertainment, but the wonderful vitality of the extraordinary artist pulled him through successfully, and London's affection and admiration for "its Arthur" was really increased by his appearance as the "Great Trickoli."

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

A FAMOUS LIGHTHOUSE.

The Chilian Government have erected several lighthouses on their coast during the Presidency of Señor Jorge Montt, the most important of which is on the Evangelistas Rocks, twenty-four miles from Cape Pillar, the western entrance to the Straits of Magellan. Mr. Sleight has held the position of light-house constructor to the Chilian Government for a number of years. The Evangelistas light was first exhibited on Sept. 17, 1896, the last day of President Montt's term of office, and had been about two years and a half in course of construction. All the materials had to be transported a distance of eleven miles by the steamer *Janez*, specially purchased by the Chilian Government for this purpose. The rocks are situated in the most exposed and tempestuous parts of the Southern Pacific Ocean, and the erection was a work of great danger and difficulty. After the completion of the work, Mr. Sleight returned to Valparaíso by the R.M.S. *Iberia*, and was granted leave of absence by the Chilian Government on the occasion of his marriage to enjoy a well-merited rest, and will return to Valparaíso to resume his position, and to continue the work of erecting other lighthouses on the Chilian coast as contemplated by the Government. The *Iberia* was the first mail-steamer to pass the Evangelistas Rocks after the first lighting of the lighthouse. The opportunity has been taken by the commander and officers of the *Iberia* of presenting Mr. Sleight with a small testimonial. The erection of the lighthouse on the Evangelistas Rocks is a great boon to those navigating the Straits of Magellan. The presentation to Mr. Sleight consists of a lighthouse which is of solid silver, and is an exact model of the one recently erected upon the Evangelistas Rocks. The lighthouse rests on an ebony base, which bears a massive silver shield, and the following inscription is most artistically engraved thereon—



SILVER MODEL OF A LIGHTHOUSE.

Presented to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Sleight by the Captain and Officers of the *Iberia* on the occasion of their marriage, 15th Janry. 1897, and in remembrance of many happy voyages on the *Iberia* during the construction of the Lighthouse on the Evangelistas.

The execution of the silver model was entrusted to Mr. R. C. Oldfield, silversmith, of Liverpool, and has given universal satisfaction to subscribers and recipient alike.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLORISTS.

In Spring I rage as if I were
A fire with all the fat in,
These touting seedsmen make me swear
To read their bastard Latin.
I will not grow—I here protest—
In houses, beds, or frames,
The very flowers I love the best
Because I loathe the names.

Hence with *delphinium hybridum*,
Hence with your *jacobaea*,
Your *album eucharidum*
And *scandens ipomaea*.
Nay, tell not of *datura's* grace,
Or how *cerastiums* shine;
In other gardens is their place,
But not, I swear, in mine.

Though showy be *platystemon*,
Let other people show it,
And sweet is *schizopetalon*,
But I decline to grow it.
No *canna Warscewiczii*
Shall in my borders bloom,
And all *collinsias* shall die
Before I find them room.

I charge you, patriots, in defence
Of your own rightful portions,
To rise with me and banish hence
These polyglot abortions.
Join hands here, let the oath go round,
And to the world proclaim—
Each flower that grows on English ground
Shall have an English name.

M. S.

THE SHAKSPEARE FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

When Sir Walter Besant suggested recently that we should set apart a day for annual rejoicing, he very properly fixed upon the day of our patron saint St. George as the most suitable date in the year for the purpose. He pointed out as an additional reason for the choice that this, the twenty-third day of April, was the birthday and death-day of the greatest of Englishmen—William Shakspeare. At the same time, he might have emphasised the fact that the day is already celebrated most suitably and most enthusiastically by a section of those Britons who are interested in our great national poet. A whole week has long been fitly celebrated every year at Stratford-on-Avon, but always with a special emphasis upon the poet's birthday itself. It is now nearly twenty years since the Council of the Shakspeare Memorial Theatre embarked upon its scheme for an annual Festival week of Shaksperian performances, with the laudable intention of including in each year's programme one or more of the poet's plays which had long been absent from the English stage. At first the public response was far from encouraging to the enthusiasts.

In the early years it was found that two of Shakspeare's plays, sandwiched among four others of more modern date, formed all that even the Festival audience would patronise, and for a number of years the week resulted in a financial loss. But the spirited work carried on under the supervision of various actor-managers, and in recent years most notably under the devoted care of Mr. F. R. Benson, has gradually evolved enthusiasm out of apathy, and the success of the present Festival, the tenth entrusted to Mr. Benson's management, has been most emphatic. Indeed, the present occasion may be looked upon as the highest point of attainment that the Festival has reached, for my daily contemporaries have devoted more space than ever to the performances, and the artistic level of the whole week has been unusually high.

The demand for seats has obliged the Committee to arrange for a second week of performances. Stratford-on-Avon is crowded with visitors from all parts of the world, and, best of all, the plays have so far proved as satisfactory from an artistic as from a popular point of view. The Festival includes fourteen performances of no less than ten different plays of Shakspeare. Of the plays which opened the Festival, while the final preparations were being made for the elaborate production of "Henry V.," the special revival of the year, the most completely successful was "As You Like It." This charming pastoral, with its scene laid in the



MR. F. R. BENSON AS CALIBAN.
Photo by A. and G. Taylor, Bishop Auckland.

local Forest of Arden, is always popular with Stratford audiences, and is exceptionally well staged at the Memorial Theatre. The dainty comedy of Mrs. Benson's *Rosalind*, the poetic feeling and gallant bearing of Mr. Benson's *Orlando*, and the sweet singing of Miss Ormerod made this revival altogether delightful. "The Tempest" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" were also well rendered before large and enthusiastic audiences, who were just in the mood to receive them in the true spirit.

The production of "Henry V.," which was the great novelty of the Festival—the play was produced on Thursday evening—showed a remarkable triumph over a great many difficulties. The piece would be embarrassing even in a large theatre, owing to its demand for difficult scenic effects, and the Stratford stage is very small. Nevertheless, Mr. Benson has given some most vivid pictures of war, and presented the awkward play so ably as to make it a moving



MR. F. R. BENSON AS HENRY V.
Photo by A. and G. Taylor, Bishop Auckland.

set of dramatic pictures. Even his skill could not force the play to show steady dramatic growth to the end, but up to the striking battle tableaux it was impressive, while afterwards it was curiously interesting. In fact, "Henry V." was shown to be better as an acting play, and far more picturesque in dramatic contrast, than is generally supposed to be the case. The idea of dramatic contrast is the keynote of Mr. Benson's production. The pleasure-loving, over-confident, godless French are set against the laborious, God-fearing English. One has pictures of the two camps, wine, women, and song in the one, prayer and fasting in the other. In order to get this, the bold manager has introduced a song and a dance into the French camp scene, and the result when the battlefield mass of the English soldiers is heard is fine enough to prove an excuse for the interpolation.

The Henry of Mr. Benson is one of the strongest and most attractive Shaksperian pictures that I can remember. The suggestion of belief in his divine right seems to inspire him throughout, and realises the master spirit even in the scenes where he says and does little. Yet there is a pleasant air of modesty in him that gives charm to his rough wooing, and excuse to the rather braggart speeches. I even wished he had not cut the lines—

I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.

He could have said them inoffensively. Such a figure on the field of battle can thrill even the critic, can stir one in these times, and, looking on him, one forgot any want of true dramatic form in the play. It seems to me that with him in the part, supported by his excellent company, which has nothing provincial about it save an admirable sincerity, London ought to welcome a "Henry V.," which, on a large stage, would be a superb spectacular piece, and has a far higher value than the mere scenic effect. The company is strong throughout. The comic relief is indisputably weak, yet Mr. Weir made quite a laughable comic picture as the choleric, valiant, voluble Fluellen, while the Bates, Williams, Pistol, and Nym of Messrs. Cleaver, Swete, Asche, and Nicholson were amusing, because handled with tact and skill. Mrs. Benson played the far too unimportant Katharine charmingly. Miss Alice Denvil was admirable as Mistress Quickly, and Mr. Rodney was excellent as Exeter. Altogether, Mr. Benson is to be warmly congratulated on his management of the entire programme, and his ultimate appearance in London and recognition by the critics is simply a matter of time.

"HAMLET" IN SWITZERLAND.

"The actors are come hither, my lord." Yes, hither, to this little town on the Lake of Geneva, and they are to play Dumas' version of Shakspeare's "Hamlet." "Hamlet," in French, by a provincial troupe, and on a Kursaal stage. Well, why not? We know that the French translation is fine in parts. Let us see what they make of it. One glance at the programme, which tells me that the parts of Polonius and the First Gravedigger are to be doubled, decides me. This is not to be missed. The curtain rises. Decidedly, Lyceum and Haymarket mounting spoils one. Yet I question whether so substantial and fearless a ghost was ever seen. He scorns such paltry advantages as gauze or traps, and stumps manfully across the stage to where a bright spot of limelight awaits him. The curtain has to be dropped at the end of each scene, as well as at the end of the acts, for change of scenery, so we have time to orient ourselves in this strangely unfamiliar version of "Hamlet." They have not spared the blue pencil, as we know: Polonius' famous advice to Laertes, beginning, "And these few precepts in thy memory, look thou character," is missing, as is also a portion of the speech to the Players, and part of the Gravedigger's wisdom. And what of the Hamlet? He is earnest, sincere, impassioned. He would be scholarly, if he did not speak so fast; he would be impressive, if he did not fling himself about so much—mereurial Frenchman that he is. His is the only adequate costume of the troupe. The courtiers are dressed and bewigged exactly like the knaves out of a pack of cards. Ophelia wears a high, white, neckband, and the Queen appears in the churchyard garbed as Mary Stuart. But Hamlet carries his inky garb with an easy grace. We forget that his long, straight locks, heavy moustache, and peaked beard make him look like a Stuart gentleman. We feel that this man has read his Shakspeare and felt him, and though every now and then his performance is blurred and almost marred by crudeness and conventionality, yet in the closet scene and the scene preceding it we have the real cry of a human heart tortured well-nigh to bursting; we have the wrath, the tenderness, the princely indignation—above all, that haunting, helpless vacillation; we have almost Hamlet. He is well supported by the Queen; but Ophelia, alas! is a distinct failure. Here, too, the translation has something to do with it, for the mad scene is entirely lacking in its wild, sweet grace.

In spite of the copious cuts mentioned above, the play, which commenced at a quarter-past eight, was not over until twenty-five minutes past midnight. Yet, strange to say, the audience manifested no impatience, and sat it all out quietly to the end. They also seemed to take as a matter of course the three thundering knocks which preceded the rise of the curtain for every fresh scene. As the French acting-version of "Hamlet" contains fourteen of these tableaux, this time-honoured custom, which I had always looked upon as quaint and pleasing in theory, now would appear to me "more honoured in the breach than the observance"—which words, by-the-by, I listened for in vain. I noticed but one "new reading," and that one did not appeal to me. It occurred in the First Act. Hamlet, having written in his tablets that "one may smile and smile and be a villain," instead of tapping on the tablets and saying to them, "So, uncle, there you are," paused, a second flourish of trumpets was heard from the castle, and Hamlet shouted out, "So, uncle, there you are!" When the moody Prince pointed out to Polonius the wonderfully shaped cloud, he stood in the centre of the stage, and indicated the cloud as being in the middle of the audience, which struck me as being not at all a happy idea.

I could not repress a smile at one slight misunderstanding of the text. In the Play-scene it will be remembered that Ophelia says to Hamlet, "You are naught, you are naught; I will mark the play." Messrs. Dumas and Meurice evidently took the word "naught" to be an abbreviated form of "naughty," for the translation ran thus, "Je veux écouter; vous êtes un méchant." However, it would be ungracious to comment upon trifles such as these. I have already expressed my admiration at the earnestness with which this little band have endeavoured to inculcate a taste for the great master into the minds of their countrymen; but I have a terrible charge to lay against them,

which almost outweighs the praise they deserve. It is well-nigh needless to say that Messrs. Dumas and Meurice are in no way connected with this capital offence. I searched their dramatic version in vain, as I knew I should do, for any sign of this glaring audacity. Imagine, then, Englishmen, friends, critics, Shakspeare-lovers, imagine a love passage between Hamlet and Ophelia interpolated in the first act of our Titan's greatest masterpiece. Doth it not out-Herod Herod? Hamlet, just apprised of the apparition of his father's spirit, raising his hand to heaven, ranting forth metaphor and lover's speeches about the sun, the gloom, the hope, the—oh, horrible, horrible, most horrible! Happily, it was but very short, and the mistaken Prince, having scribbled on a tablet, which he hands to Ophelia, the words, "Doubt that the stars are fire, doubt that the sun doth move, doubt truth to be a liar, but never doubt I love," took himself off the stage amidst outbreaks of applause, and the complete stupefaction of the present scribe.

I can hardly bring myself to write of the alarming train of thought to which this occurrence gave rise. In my mind's eye I saw my great-great-grandchildren assisting at a representation of Mr. Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," embellished by a prologue setting forth the why and wherefore of Paula's desire for respectability, her remorse, her yearnings, her aspirations, which the enlightened mummers of the twenty-first or twenty-second century would naturally be much better acquainted with than the author thereof. I mused also that we, who raise up our voices in bitter protest against the "cooking" of Shaksperian plays as practised on the other side of the "fish-pond," may yet live to have presented to us by foreign artists an epilogue setting forth the domestic bliss of Beatrice and Benedick after marriage; a sixth act to "The Merchant of Venice," showing us Shylock's revenge; or a vision of Falstaff in Purgatory, founding a Home for Incubriates.

R. D.



THE AMERICAN MEMORIAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

"NATURAL HISTORY IN SHAKSPEARE'S TIME."*

They had an extraordinary brew of science on tap in Shakspeare's day. Science is truth, of course, and natural historians are the people that make it. There is truth and truth; just as there is beer and beer, and every age calls for its own particular brand. When a modern naturalist broaches a cask, as sure as fate it is evolution that dribbles out; but in Shakspeare's time it was a fiery concoction of alchemy, magic, spells and charms brewed in the same vat as the "Arabian Nights." Miracles formed the stuff that tickled the palate of the Elizabethan public, and miracles they got, hot and plenty of them, just as strong as ever the Elizabethan scientist could make them. Now there is no more dangerous tippie for dramatists and novelists than that most evanescent form of truth known as contemporary science, but they are very apt to

have recourse to it, whether it be Victorian or Elizabethan. If Shakspeare had recourse to it, he evidently accepted the scientific antidote of his time against intoxication, and wore a crown of ivy. Dr. Seager has collated passages from Shakspeare, with extracts from the Natural Histories of his time, but the result goes to show that, beyond assisting him to point a score or so of similes, Shakspeare had not been affected to any marked extent by the science of his time.

It would be quite as just to say, judging from the extracts Dr. Seager gives, that Shakspeare helps to illustrate the writings of his contemporaries of science as to say they help to explain his allusions to natural history subjects. For example, under the heading of "Daffodil" Dr. Seager quotes from Shakspeare—

Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty (*Winter's Tale*, iv. 3),

and then, in explanation of the extract, quotes from Holland's Pliny, Book XXI., Chapter xix.: "A cataplasm, made of the root of daffodil, honey, and oatmeal, draws forth spills, shivers, arrowheads, and thorns, and whatsoever stick within the body." The dramatist and naturalist agree only in mentioning the daffodil; but there are passages, although

* "Natural History in Shakspeare's Time: Being Extracts Illustrative of the Subject as He Knew It." By H. W. Seager, M.B. London: Elliot Stock.

comparatively few in number, where Shakspeare accepted, or alluded to, the science-teaching of his time. The two illustrations herewith given, which, with many more, Dr. Seager obtained from the "Hortus Sanitatis," a book popular in the sixteenth century, exemplify such passages.

The toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
—*As You Like It*, ii. 1.

Batman, in his edition of the writings of Friar Bartholomew, the Owen of his day, when discoursing of toadstones, which were of extraordinary and magical virtue, says: "Some toads that breed in Italy and about Naples have in their heads a stone called a *crapo*, of bigness like a big peach, but flat, of colour grey, with a brown spot in the midst." Or, again—

The mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers
(*II. King Henry VI.*, iii. 1),

in explanation of which the following passage is cited from Master John Hawkins's "Second Voyage": "His nature is ever, when he would have his prey, to cry and sob like a Christian body, to provoke them to come to him, and then he snatcheth at them; and thereupon came this proverb that is applied to women when they weep, *Lachrymæ crocodili*, the meaning whereof is, that as the crocodile, when he crieth, goeth then about most to deceive, so doth a women most commonly when she weepeth."

Several other Shaksperian items of interest may be noticed here. Mr. William Lowes Rushton, of Gray's Inn, who has already dealt with the legal knowledge of Shakspeare, has just written a little book (published by Truslove and Hanson, of Oxford Street) on his treatment of archery. Mr. Rushton marshals all sorts of out-of-the-way knowledge. He quotes some of the plays to prove that Shakspeare was well acquainted with Roger Ascham's "Toxophilus; the School of Shooting," published in 1545, and descants on ancient and modern bows and arrows and the objects of ancient and modern archery, for Mr. Rushton is President of the Mersey Bowmen. Altogether, he has written an entertaining, old-world book. The *Shakspearean*, under the auspices of its new publishers, Messrs. Dawbarn and Ward, continues to improve, and it forms an excellent guide to all the current literature on the subject. Meanwhile, *Baconiana*, now in its fifth volume, comes out under the auspices of the Bacon Society, to voice the claims of Verulam. In the current issue there is a nasty knock at Stratford-on-Avon, the beauties of which "are much overrated," while its inhabitants, "especially those in charge of any 'relics,' seem to have imbibed that love of money which was so marked a trait in the character of William Shakspeare himself." It is a curious pursuit, this Baconian theory, but its supporters are tremendous enthusiasts. By the way, I may notice that Mr. Alfred S. West, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has just issued, from the Pitt Press of his University, a most illuminating edition of Bacon's Essays. After his care, the elucidation of the Bacon Society is unnecessary.

MISS ALMA MURRAY AT THE METROPOLE.

Who shall say that Shakspeare is not as highly appreciated in "Suburbia" as in St. James's? On the evening of Easter Monday the big audience that crowded Mr. Mulholland's pretty and popular theatre at Camberwell followed with attention, enthusiasm, and discrimination the ever fresh and delightful incidents of Shakspeare's ideal comedy "As You Like It." The sympathetic and experienced hand of Mr. Ben Greet may always be relied on, where Shakspeare is concerned, to arrange a competent rendering of the work unmarred by sins of either omission or commission, by brutal "cuttings" of the text or startling innovations. The escapades of which Rosalind is the heroine were adequately presented, the characters who support her more than adequately rendered. For the part of Rosalind, a part which, like the play itself, is ideal, and therefore requires a spiritualisation in its performance, without which it is apt to suggest a certain coarseness, Mr. Greet has been fortunate enough to secure Miss Alma Murray, an artist whose greatest successes have been made in purely poetic plays. Miss Murray's

rendering is remarkable for simplicity, delicacy, and purity of delineation. To those familiar with the actress's impersonations of Portia, Juliet, or Mildred Tresham, her absolute success in the first act was a foregone conclusion. It was in regard to those forest-scenes, those idylls where the charming heroine has assumed, three centuries before her time, the doublet and hose of the New Woman, that curiosity as to Miss Murray's treatment of the character was aroused. Rosalind, though she assumes masculine attire, and instructs her lover how to woo her, is no hoyden; in the real world undoubtedly she would be, but not in the Forest of Arden, where, "nursed in solitude, under the shade of melancholy boughs, the imagination grows soft and delicate," and in a charming vein of the highest comedy Miss Murray attacks the part, no point being lost through the delicacy of her treatment, no line failing of its proper weight, though the "clowning" is left to Touchstone, played, by the way, with excellent effect by Mr. Ben Greet. In these days when, with a few exceptions, the art of speaking the language of Shakspeare has become almost as extinct as the dodo, it is an artistic treat to hear the musical voice of the latest Rosalind, delivering immortal quips with faultless intonation. Luckily, perhaps, Miss Murray's gift is speaking, not singing, so she has no temptation to interpolate a song never intended by the immortal author, or to suggest light opera in the interpretation of ideal comedy by the

acceptance of an encore for a ditty that has no legitimate excuse for its introduction; but, nevertheless, those crucial forest-scenes in "As You Like It" find in her an actress who seizes the most delicate points of Rosalind with a feminine yet firm grasp, and the varying moods and emotions of those scenes seem truthful to the life, yet exalted by the fine intellectuality, the exquisite sensibility, of a truly inspired artist.

MATINÉE THEATRE.

There seems to be no reason why the Matinée Theatre should not prove a successful institution, seeing how many people there are who, for one reason or another, or none, do not go out in the evenings, yet desire to see the kind of miscellaneous entertainment which *prima facie* belongs to the music-hall. Of course, I could not find myself in St. George's Hall without a sigh at the thought of the ending of the charming German Reed entertainment, and the death of the two popular artists who were its backbone. That the management has been wise in calling St. George's Hall the Matinée Theatre is not clear, since there are many old patrons of the place who will not swallow the word "theatre"; the name made all the difference to them. No doubt the distinction is absurd; but I have noticed that people, as a rule, stick more firmly to distinctions that are ridiculous than to those that are well-founded.

The old hall has been re-decorated, and new seats, set at a reasonable distance apart, replace the old. In fact, the place is very comfortable. The programme was on a Gargantuan scale, and will gain by being reduced if the money thus economised be spent upon the orchestra. The reasonable critic must make some allowance for circumstances, and I feel sure that, long ere I write this, further rehearsal has remedied many faults and left few. The entertainment has great variety. Clever dancers, pleasant singers, an ingenious conjurer, a pretty, wordless play, two very amusing and ingenious French duettists, recitation by the ever-popular Mrs. Bernard-Beere, who had an enthusiastic reception, and a pleasing operetta, form my recollection, though there were other items.

The most important matter was the French wordless play called "La Revanche des Cigales," a title intelligible only to those who know their La Fontaine, the author here supposed to represent the moral and proper, although one might let out secrets about shocking poetry from the pen of the worthy man. The little piece has not the broad, simple, human plot without which no wordless play can reach great success, but it gives scope for acting and good comic business. The pantomime by M. Raymond as Arlequin doing strong-man tricks was very funny. Mdlle. Marie D'Ellys was clever and amusing in her sham slack-wire dancing, and Mdlle. Faurens, lately in the delightful piece "A Pierrot's Life," was a charming Pierrette. The music is unambitious but pretty, and in some passages, notably a love theme, M. Léon Schlesinger showed true invention. Nearly all the items in the long list had some merit, so Mr. Philip Yorke will have a difficult task in deciding which to leave out. The residue will form a very pleasant entertainment.



MISS ALMA MURRAY AS ROSALIND.
Drawn by Miss Chris Hammond.



A FAIR GAMESTER.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY BARRAIDS, LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.



HORS D'ŒUVRES.

AT last the outbreak of war on the Greek frontier has come, more because each belligerent is afraid of his own troops than because either has any great hope of victory, or, indeed, of decided result. The fact is that King George and the Sultan have both hurried their troops to the border at the cost of destroying the last relics of solvency in their finances. Both have collected large forces of patriotic and warlike, but unpaid and ill-supplied, warriors on the scene of action, and were either of these armies to go home peacefully, it would probably dethrone its nominal Sovereign in sheer disgust. Never was a war so evidently the result of a general animosity and wish to fight. The Greeks and Turks know already—the Turks especially—that the victorious belligerent will not be allowed to retain his conquests except in the face of banded Europe. There may be a dispute about the acts which have immediately led to the fighting, but the raid of the Greek irregulars, openly planned and organised, and directed to cut the communications between the two halves of the Turkish army, is an obvious *casus belli*. On the other hand, the Powers cannot give Greek territory back to Turkey. So, what is the result to be?

The possession of Crete, the nominal bone of contention, is not to be decided by any victories in Thessaly or Epirus. A small force of Greeks holds the interior of the island, with the help of the insurgents, and a small force of Turks keeps the principal towns until the Powers send troops to replace the Sultan's soldiers. But for the Turks to capture Athens would not give back Crete to the rule of the Sultan, and for the Greeks to take Salonica would in no way improve their title to the island. If King George wants Crete, Abdul Hamid can truthfully say that he has not got it to give, and may say also that he does not know whose it is.

The Concert of Europe will be, and now is, upbraided by the Philhellenists of the Press for its impotence in preventing war. But when two excited armies are collected on the two sides of a frontier, each liable to get out of hand, the only way of preventing war is by drawing a strong cordon of neutral troops between—strong enough to withstand either belligerent. This would mean at least fifty thousand men, a third big army scattered over mountains where the two armies already there find it hard enough to exist. And even if thus parted by force, Turks and Greeks would only adjourn their quarrel, if they did not unite to crush the peace-making force. We know what happened to Mr. Pickwick when he tried to part Pott of the *Eatonsville Chronicle* and Shurk of the *Eatonsville Independent*; and the blessing of the peace-maker is a beatitude whose fulfilment is strictly confined to the future world. In this world he is generally rewarded by being hit on both sides of the head at once.

The Federation of Europe, the League of the Powers, or whatever else it is called, is somewhat misunderstood by its bitterer critics. Even if it does very little, it is fulfilling a most useful purpose in preventing individual action. We saw what isolated enterprise might have led to in the Armenian case. A sudden dash of the British Fleet might have forced the Dardanelles after the Constantinople massacre, and terrified the Sultan into conceding all manner of reforms; but it would have done so at the risk of hostility from Russia and France, and hostile suspicion from the other Powers. No matter how good the aim, how careful the conduct, of an isolated Power, the others will inevitably suspect its motives, and take measures of precaution. These measures are extremely likely to result in war. It is not merely England whose occupation of Cyprus and Egypt makes her especially an object of suspicion. Where the Bosphorus comes in, France no more trusts her ally Russia than perfidious Albion. While the Great Powers agree, if only in doing nothing, a European war is prevented; while their soldiers and marines patrol the streets of a few wretched Cretan towns, or exchange stray shots with irrational insurgents, they cannot come to blows with one another in wider fields.

As for the local quarrel of Greece with Turkey, it may remain local, and the best to be hoped is that honours may be easy. Complete victory on either side is not likely to be speedy, for in a mountainous country superior numbers are not easy to bring to bear. A drawn battle would enable each army to claim a moral victory, and to go home contented at having asserted its valour and repelled a violent and unprovoked invasion. The next best result would be victory for the Turks, if they could be held in from pursuit and ravage. Victory for Greece would bring in the Slavs, greedy to forestall the Greeks in Macedonia, and then the chaos would be past the power of diplomacy to unravel.

Meanwhile, why should not the Sultan and the King recall their respective troops from Crete to the real scene of action on the frontier? Both detachments are wanted at home; in Crete they are not even allowed to get at each other.

MARMITON.

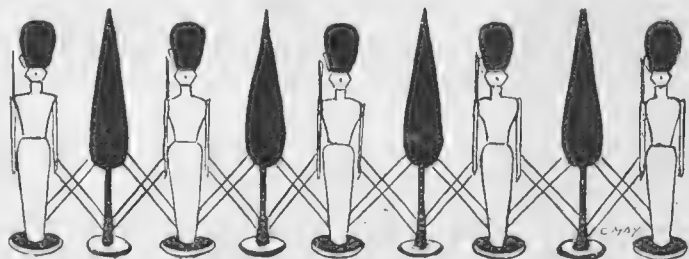
MR. SLADEN AS SHOWMAN.

"The things that are for us, gravitate towards us," says Emerson; and, if that be so, the editorship of "Who's Who" must have been gravitating, all the forty-nine years that it has been issued, towards Mr. Douglas Sladen. Had the book never been heard of before, and were someone to say to us, "A new work of reference has just been issued under the title of 'Who's Who'; guess the name of the editor," we should, for once, drop the formula of "Give it up," with which we invariably respond when asked conundrums, and should unhesitatingly reply, "Douglas Sladen." We find it difficult, in fact, to believe that Mr. Sladen has only "come into his title"—like some scion of a noble house—"by inheritance." It is so very Sladenesque in its jaunty slanginess—so very suggestive of "The Japs at Home" or "On the Cars and Off"—that one is persuaded that Mr. Sladen ought to have been the creator, not merely the inheritor, of such a title. All of which is only saying in other words that Mr. Sladen is the ideal editor for such a volume. A man of family, of 'Varsity education, travelled, kindly, chirpy, cheery, good-natured to a fault, a power on the Press, and one of the most popular figures in "literary London"—who so qualified as he for a task necessitating an editor who knows and is known to everybody?

When the poet of the *World* referred the other day, in some humorous verses, to "Sladen who wields an Authors' Club," we all understood the meaning of the sly allusion, and smiled. It is impossible for Mr. Sladen to be connected officially with any book, club, or institution without infusing into it some of his irrepressible energy; and into the editorial work of "Who's Who" he has thrown enough energy to keep a motor-car running for a twelvemonth. Faults the book may have and has (what work of the sort has not, especially in the first issue under new editorship?), but that it is a wonderful three-and-sixpence worth, and is, all things considered, the cheapest and most up-to-date reference-work of the sort in existence, is indisputable.

A more amusing and entertaining volume we have not handled for a long time. Mr. Sladen not only satisfies the appetites of those who sit down with him at table, but seeks also to tickle their palates with dainties. The date of birth of his celebrities serves as a sort of *hors d'œuvre* with which to commence the banquet. Then we have their parentage and marriage dished up in place of soup and fish. After that come the *entrées* of their achievements, and the more solid and, it is to be hoped, digestible fare of their publications. After which such trifles as clubs and private addresses are by no means indifferent substitutes for cheese and savouries; and then, when the banquet is presumably over, and the diners are feeling for their toothpicks, this most hospitable of hosts seeks to tempt the palate once more by placing before his guests, as an extra and novel dish, the recreations of his various celebrities. And a stimulating and spicy dish it is. Unless himself is his chief patient, it may be alarming to Baron Fairfax's friends to know that his favourite recreation is "Medicine"; but who will not be the happier for learning that Sir Lewis Morris's little weakness (dissipated dog!) is "Society"? We must not linger longer over the recreations of Mr. Sladen's celebrities, unless it be to drop a tear at the news that poor, dear Canon Rawnsley has "no time for much," but we can promise our readers plenty of entertainment if they will but dip into the book for themselves.

The solid merits of the work are indisputable. Of the six thousand biographies, the greater part are autobiographical, and may, therefore, reasonably be considered accurate. The paper, printing, and binding could scarce be bettered, and the arrangement is admirable. There are a few misprints, and some important names—Mr. James Knowles, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Dr. George Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. William Sharp, and Mr. Edward Whymper, for instance—are omitted; but on going through the book systematically and page by page one's only cause for wonder is, not that there should be any omissions, but that the work should have been so comprehensively and so exhaustively done. As far as comprehensiveness goes, "Who's Who" is unique. It contains names of hundreds of persons concerning whom one is constantly wishing to know some particulars, but whose biographies are not to be found in any other dictionary. Then there are lists and tables which will be found extremely useful, a Peerage and a list of "Lords, Ladies, and Honourables," a catalogue of the principal newspapers, a list of the public schools, with the headmasters and fees, a table of the great steamship companies, and many other features of value. The list of newspaper pseudonyms is the only thing ill done in the volume, but, with this single exception, one has nothing with which to find fault, and can only repeat the verdict of the *Times*, that "Mr. Sladen's first issue of the greatly enlarged and improved 'Who's Who' must be pronounced a distinct success."





*Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
 About it and about: but evermore
 Came out by the same door where in I went.*

—FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION OF "THE RUBÁIYÁT."

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MISS FIONA MACLEOD.*

Criticism is essentially a civilised thing, and the last age of the world, being very civilised, defined literature as a criticism of life, and expressed itself in certain great writers whose work was full of criticism. Its typical writers—perhaps because the criticism of science was all about in them—

had no constant and tranquil belief in the divinity of imagination, no matter how great their imaginations, but were vehement with gospels of all kinds. An English literary revolution, unlike a French one, is so gradual that we have hardly yet begun to understand how completely their heavens have been rolled up and how new an earth has come in the place of their earth. Romance-writers like Mr. Stevenson, with his delight in adventurous circumstance for its own sake, and Mr. Kipling, with his delight in the colour and spectacle of barbarous life, and those countless collections of fairy-tales which are so marked a feature of our times, are but among the most obvious of the signs of change. We no longer complicate imagination with criticism, and we have begun to recover the

ancient trust in passion and in beauty, and will soon have forgotten that we ever doubted. I am convinced that this change is bringing new kinds of temperaments into our literature—temperaments that have been too wild and hasty for deliberate criticism of life, and that it is this change which is making countries like Ireland and like the Highlands, which critical civilisation has forgotten, begin to be full of voices. And of all these voices none is more typical than the curious, mysterious, childlike voice that is in these stories of Miss Fiona Macleod. Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling have written many simple, passionate tales, but they have written them as men write, who are too conscious of having been born to write of simple, passionate things to be themselves simple and passionate. They have never forgotten, and in this lies the very value of their art, that they have observed picturesque and barbarous things with the keen eyes of the people of a civilised and critical land; but Miss Macleod sees everything with the eyes of the personages of her tales, and they have not any dream too extravagant, any passion too wild, any hope too impossible, for her heart to be in it as though there had never been any other dream, any other passion, any other hope in the world. Her very faults—even the faults which made, as I think, "Pharais" and "The Mountain Lover," her earlier books, no better than books of great promise—come from this absolute absorption in the dreams and passions and hopes of her personages. She forgets, in following some spectacle of love and battle, that she is using words and phrases, paragraphs and chapters, rhythms and cadences; and so "thou" and "you" get mixed together, and words altogether out of the true key mix themselves into her rushing sentences. She is, however, gradually learning that writing is not all a spiritual enthusiasm, and these three books, in which she has collected the best tales out of her "Sin-Eater" and "Washer of the Ford," with certain new tales, are constantly almost perfect of their kind. I have put them to a hard test, for I read the tales in "The Washer of the Ford," which are reprinted here, on the deck of an Arran fishing-boat and among the grey stones of Arran Island; among the very people of whom she writes, for the Irish and Highland Gael are one race; and when I laid down the book I talked with an Arran fisherman of the very beliefs and legends that were its warp and woof. I read of St. Colum and the seal in the hot sun on the deck—

The holy man had wandered on to where the rocks are, opposite to Sea. He was praying and praying, and it is said that whenever he prayed aloud the barren egg in the nest would quicken, and the blighted bud unfold, and the butterfly cleave its shroud.

Of a sudden he came upon a great black seal lying silent on the rocks with wicked eyes.

"My blessing upon you, O Ròn!" he said, with the good, kind courteousness that was his.

"Droch spàdadh ort," answered the seal. "A bad end to you, Colum of the Gown!"

"Sure, now," said Colum angrily, "I am knowing by that curse that you are no friend of Christ, but of the evil pagan faith out of the North. For here I am known even as Colum the White, or as Colum the Saint; and it is only the Picts and wanton Normen who deride me because of the holy white robe I wear."

"Well, well," replied the seal, speaking the good Gaelic as though it were the tongue of the deep sea, as, God knows, it may be for all you and I or the blind wind can say; "well, well, let that thing be; it's a wave-way here or a wave-way there. But now, if it is a Druid you are, whether of Fire or of Christ, be telling me where my woman is, and where my little daughter."

At this Colum looked at him for a long while; then he knew.

"It is a man you were once, O Ròn?"

"Maybe ay and maybe no."

* "Spiritual Tales," "Tragic Romances," "Barbaric Tales." By Fiona Macleod. Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes and Colleagues.



"And with that thick Gaelic that you have it will be out of the North isles you come?"

"That is a true thing."

"Now, I am for knowing at last who and what you are. You are one of the race of Odruim the Pagan."

And so on, until it is told that the seal is Judas, looking for his wife Lilleth through all the wastes of the sea. When I had done, I talked to an old man of the mystery of the seals, or of the Ròns, for he did not know them by their English name, and of their human-like eyes and human-like voices, and it was plain to me that he was not altogether at all times certain that they were mere beasts of the sea. And then I read "The Dan-nan-Ròn," which tells of a man that was descended from the seals, and how he rushed into the sea that he might be a seal again; and when I had done, I talked with another old man, who told me that his own family were come of the seals, but it might "be all talk." It seemed to me that Miss Macleod had not, like the rest of us, taken a peasant legend and made it the symbol of some personal phantasy, but that she felt about the world, and the creatures of its winds and waters, emotions that were of one kind with the emotions of these grave peasants, the most purely Celtic peasants in Ireland, and that she had become their voice, not from any mere observation of their ways, but out of an absolute identity of nature. The truth is that she, like all who have Celtic minds and have learnt to trust them, has in her hands the keys of those gates of the primeval world, which shut behind more successful races, when they plunged into material progress.

Criticism, and the art which is of criticism, deal with visible and palpable things; but her art belongs in kind, whatever be its excellence in its kind, to a greater art, which is of revelation, and deals with invisible and impalpable things. Its mission is to bring us near to those powers and principalities, which we divine in mortal hopes and passions, although we cannot see them or feel them, and which M. Maeterlinck has told us in his beautiful "Treasure of the Lowly" are pressing in upon us to-day with a patient persistence, perhaps unknown since the founding of Christendom.

W. B. YEATS.

MISS ROSA MULHOLLAND'S BOOK.*

Miss Mulholland's story is too long, but it is a capital story, for all that, and the interest well sustained throughout. Marcella Grace, a girl living with her father in humble circumstances, in the "Liberties" of Dublin, where the story opens, is sitting up late at night, and hears a low knocking at the street-door. A desperate man stands there. Marcella inquires his business through the keyhole, like a prudent girl.

She is answered by an impassioned appeal—"Open, for God's sake! 'Tis a matter of life and death!" Marcella, "believing instinctively in the owner of that voice," with a simple candour that would hardly recommend itself to the sleeping guardian of her youth, admits a tall and dark, pale and weary-looking young man, and, without asking for any particular explanation, hides him for three hours in an old secret closet behind the panel in an unused room, without telling her father. The stranger departs next morning, leaving a ring with his benefactress. In the course of the day Marcella and her father hear news of a murder done in the city, during the night, not half-a-dozen streets away. A Fenian murder! But Marcella cannot believe her beautiful stranger guilty—nor is he. How she comes across him later on, and dances with him at a ball as Bryan Kilmartin, while he has not the slightest notion that his pretty partner is the "poor girl of the Liberties of Dublin who saved his life one night," is told in all the spirit of modern romance. When Bryan Kilmartin is arrested for the murder of Mr. Font, Marcella perjures herself, and refuses to identify her lover as the stranger she harboured on the night of Mr. Font's murder. The story forthwith assumes dramatic proportions, and Marcella marries Bryan Kilmartin in prison, where he lies under sentence of death. This may be an available resource to the novelist of Irish life; it could not be done in England.



MISS ROSA MULHOLLAND.

Photo by Meudelsolm, Pembroke Crescent, W.

* "Marcella Grace." By Rosa Mulholland. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.

SOME COSTUMES OF THE EAST.

Photographs by Schädler, Sarajero.

A BOSNIAN GIRL.

Civilised womankind has little distinctiveness in dress. The Parisienne takes the latest fashion and modifies it in some degree to suit her own individuality; the Englishwoman drops her personality, and wears the fashion like a model. In the provinces, the further we penetrate the more are the latest modes behind those of the Metropolis, and still more are they

modified to suit local taste or prejudice. At Land's End or John o' Groat's the leaders of local fashion believe firmly that they are doing credit to recent creations of London or Paris, while in reality their costumes are versions of things long forgotten at the centres of taste. The last London housemaid had discarded heliotrope before the aristocracy of "Thrums" had bestowed its approval on the colour; indeed, the cycle of fashion was already bringing it forward again in a new shade. But in the little places of the Continent and throughout the East the fashions vary little, if at all, except where the civilisation craze has set its mark. The up-to-date women of Japan may cramp their figures with European bodices, and cultivate bunions in European boots, but in out-of-the-way places mother hands on the costume to daughter, and the old silks and laces are worn from one generation to another. Often it happens that a village community adopts a head-dress which marks its women off from those of other villages, and any market-day in Normandy will show a dozen different caps, assembled from a radius of a few miles, the quaint and pretty designs of which countless decades of wear have perfected. One of the most striking of local costumes is that of the women of Arles, near Marseilles, who bind up their hair behind in a plain band edged with lace, while they wear round their shoulders a covering of dazzling white and often very beautiful lace.

In the Far East the jacket is a work of considerable art, and the whole costume is less local than national. The women of Bosnia delight on high days in gorgeous ear-pendants and necklaces, and the bright colours of their armless jackets are thrown into relief by the flowing white sleeves of their chemises. Mohammedan women, who are designed to please their husbands instead of courting the public gaze, are arrayed in much more sober colours, while their faces are veiled with a thin gauze material, which, however, rather enhances than detracts from their looks.

The striking dissimilarity of costume prevalent in the small Balkan States is at first sight rather bewildering, but in time it comes to be useful in a region where peoples of different race,



A BOSNIAN WOMAN.

language, and religion have sifted through each other, while retaining their peculiarities of speech and habit. There is some meaning, too, in the mere dress. The lavish garb of the rude peasant woman speaks of a broad freedom and equality of sex, while the nun-like garb of the Mohammedan is witness to a religious system which has no place for woman's independence.



A TURKISH WOMAN WEARING THE YASHMAK.



A BOSNIAN WOMAN.

THE ROMANTIC SIDE OF CAB-DRIVING.

If only London cabmen had a little of the divine fire which inspires genius, and writers for the magazines, what untold wealth might roll into their none too well-filled pockets! The amount of "copy" to be obtained from their fares must be enormous, and, with the help of a little imagination, the material for stories unlimited. They have more opportunity of seeing life as it really is than perhaps any other class of men in London, and an observant cabby might in a single day obtain enough food for reflection to last a week.

As a rule, however, the London cabby is non-observant. He is, a careless, indifferent, beer-drinking animal, often cynical, hard-headed, and worldly-wise, and often, in spite of this, as superstitious as any sailor.

I know one man who has a pocketful of lucky sixpences and farthings, who religiously carries his piece of coal, and who observes all omens and warnings, and is as good as a wizard in prognosticating events from tea-leaves and a pack of dirty cards.

Most cabmen can tell a good story, and many of them can relate queer things. Night-cabmen especially meet with strange adventures, and there is more romance in driving a cab than is generally supposed. At night the best vehicles, the new, polished hansom, with its spruce driver and well-fed horse, and the stolid, respectable four-wheeler, disappear, and in their place there come from all directions miserable mockeries of cabs, shaky growlers, half-starved horses, drunken drivers. The hansom goes home, and the most dilapidated of all the wrecks to be found in cab-yards crawls the streets in its stead.

One night, a few months ago, an adventure befell a cab-driver which sounds as unreal as true stories proverbially are. He was out late, having had a bad day, and, being anxious to make it up if possible, was wandering slowly through the streets with his horse's nose turned homewards, when he was hailed by a gentleman in evening-dress. The gentleman got in quickly, and instructed him to drive to the corner of a certain square. There he got out, and, telling the cabby to wait, sauntered away down the pavement, glancing carefully at each house as he passed. Opposite one of them he stopped, and, retiring cautiously into the shadow, waited.

A little later a man issued from the house. So far as the cabby could see, he was in evening-dress, like his fare, and wore an opera-cloak and squash hat. He could not see distinctly what occurred—the night was a little foggy—but the two seemed to be conversing together, and after a minute or two his fare, as he thought, returned, and told him to drive back to the place where he had picked him up.

What had happened to the other gentleman he had no idea, and he thought no more about it until next day the papers reported the discovery of the body of a man lying in the gutter. He had been stabbed in the back, and had been dead for some hours. He had not been robbed, and apparently there was no motive for the murder. The cabman appeared at the inquest and gave his evidence, and then, to his intense surprise, he discovered that the murdered man was his *original fare*!

How the two had changed places he was puzzled to understand. They must have been very much alike, and, the night being dark and both being in evening-dress, it was probably easy to deceive the eyes of a stranger. All inquiries proved fruitless, and, although the police succeeded in obtaining full particulars of the victim, they found it impossible to discover any clue to the murderer.

Madmen are frequent travellers in this metropolis of ours, and most cabmen have at some time or other driven lunatics and "eccentricities," often on queer errands, and sometimes on bloodthirsty ones, like the madwoman who, a short time ago, was driven to a house, where she discharged a pistol through the window.

One old lady, who was a familiar figure in Hampstead, used to be driven every week to a certain corner, where she would wait hopelessly for a lover who never came. The cabmen got to know her after a time, and would treat her with the greatest respect and kindness.

Another old lady, who also lived in Hampstead, was a familiar and pathetic figure. She was so poor that her clothes were almost in rags. They had been darned and mended so continuously that they seemed to hang together in patches. Her black silk dress was worn and shiny to an appalling degree; her bonnet seemed centuries old; her veil, with great rents in it, could have been no protection to her wrinkled face, and her hands had shrunk terribly within her old silk gloves. Yet she was wonderfully proud. She lived in a big house which must have cost a fortune once to build, but which was fast falling into decay. She resided there alone. How she lived no one knew. When it grew dark, she would creep out, and return stealthily with a herring or a loaf wrapped in a newspaper, carefully hidden, yet quite visible beneath her thin cloak. She had no visitors, yet on what small income she possessed she strove to keep up her position, and every week she would spend two of her precious shillings in driving backwards and forwards to church. She was a stately old lady, in spite of her clothes, and a strange and pathetic relic of a bygone time.

Cabmen who have at any time driven murderers or prisoners of various kinds are generally proud of the feat and fond of talking about it. The cabby who drove Neil Cream on one occasion is an old man with a grey beard and a weatherbeaten face, and he takes a keen delight in relating how the celebrated murderer "eyed me as if he could ha' done for me too." The same cabby describes Dr. Jameson as a "friend" of his. Having on one occasion driven him to Bow Street, he regards him with a personal interest, and speaks of him in glowing terms as a "real good sort, wot 'asn't got no airs and no la-de-da fil-a-rues, that 'e 'asn't," by which description, no doubt, Dr. Jameson would feel greatly flattered,

though he might be at a loss to understand the exact meaning of a "la-de-da fil-a-rue." I have a vague idea myself that it is derived in some mysterious way from the French.

Those cabbies most familiar with the members of the House of Commons declare that Mr. Gladstone is the most easily cheated man, while it is stated that Mr. Chamberlain knows his fare to a ha'penny, and would dispute a farthing (if there was such a thing in the cab line) if he found the driver attempting to cheat him.

One absent-minded member who has been driven by the same cabman for years invariably leaves something behind in the cab; and the driver told me that, while on one occasion he had received no reward for returning a pocket-book full of Bank of England notes, he had on another occasion been given a sovereign for bringing back an old glove.

A cabman—who, by the way, was summoned a week or two back for being without his licence—declared to me that he had on more than one occasion conveyed Mr. A. J. Balfour in an unhappy and shattered condition to his house in Downing Street, with a wreck of a bicycle reposing ingloriously in front.

If one speaks of "haunted" cabs, one is likely to be greeted with a cynical smile. Nevertheless, in a certain mews in London there is an old and exceedingly dilapidated four-wheeler, which is treated as a valuable relic, and spoken of with awe and deference by the cabbies who visit the yard. This ancient wreck is time-worn and worm-eaten. Its cushions smell musty, moths and mice have played havoc with its linings, and there is a vast hole in the roof that ventilates in a most uncomfortable manner its shabby interior. On certain nights muffled moans and harsh cries may be heard by those who are daring enough to venture near it after dark. And, if anyone is so foolhardy as to sit upon its dingy cushions, the whole yard shivers at the audacity and trembles for the consequences.

This cab is said to be the oldest four-wheeler in existence, and the story concerning it runs as follows.

One certain dismal night, before Kensington was what it is now, the driver of the haunted cab was crawling slowly along when he was met by a man who rounded a corner and jumped hastily in.

"Drive for your life!" he shouted, in a voice hoarse with terror. "Drive like the devil! I've got gold here—you shall have whatever you ask."

It took the cabby a second or two to collect his muddled thoughts and to remember that the fare had given him no direction. He looked round helplessly. To get down seemed waste of time, and the fare had sunk back, apparently breathless, among the cushions. He therefore recklessly decided to drive *anywhere*, and, taking up the reins, whipped up his tired horse into a feeble gallop. He had scarcely driven five minutes before his fare put his head out of the window.

"Go on!" he cried hoarsely. "For heaven's sake, go on! Don't you hear them? They'll catch us, you fool! Go on, go on, go on, I tell you!"

The driver lashed into his horse, and the vehicle plunged forward. A little later the man's head was out of the window again.

"They're behind us!" he cried; "I can hear them! Confound you, man! do you want me to hang, after all?"

The cabby looked round. The man was leaning out of the cab bare-headed; his face was ghastly white, his eyes frantic with terror, and his hands clutched fearfully at the casement of the window. Behind them the road was *clear and empty*. Not a soul in sight; not a coach or a carriage to be seen. The cabby felt his blood run cold. Was his fare a madman or something worse? He strained his ears to listen, to catch any sound that might come from the distance, but he could hear nothing. He whipped at his tottering horse, and the beast started on again. A little later he fancied he heard a faint sound borne on the breeze like the trotting of horses and the rolling of wheels, and he looked round expectantly. When he found that the road was still empty, a sort of terror seized him. He shivered involuntarily, and when his fare put his head out of the window again he started with almost a scream, and whipped and lashed at his horse until the animal grew terrified at the unusual treatment. How long they went on, how many hours elapsed until the horse fell exhausted by the wayside, no one knew; but when the race came to an end at last, Kensington was left far behind, and before them stretched a long, uneven road, arched with trees and heavy with mud.

With the sound of the trotting horses still in his ears, the cabman descended hastily from his box. He looked back over his shoulder as he did so, and probably, to his distorted imagination, the road was filled with the figures of the pursuers. Heaven knows what terrors filled his mind as he sprang to the window and called out to his fare; but a fresh horror awaited him. The fare had made no sign. Instead of raving with impatience, as the driver expected, he was silent and invisible, and when the cabby looked into his vehicle he started back in affright. The man was lying on his seat, with his head rolling upon his shoulder, with his throat cut from ear to ear. A long stream of thick blood trickled slowly over his clothes, and his hand, clasping a short knife, was stained and red. As the driver looked, the suicide's eyes seemed to turn upon him. He shrank back with a cry, seized the reins, which had fallen to the ground, and clambered up to his box again. In the morning they found him whipping wildly at a dead horse! For the next few days he was kept in custody. Then he was discharged, as nothing was found against him, and a night or two afterwards he was found dead in his cab—strangled by the ghost of the suicide, they will tell you; but a little inquiry will ascertain the fact that he had been drinking all day, and that the events of the night of the suicide had so undermined his reason that he was quite likely to die of fright. Still, it is a pity to spoil a good legend, and the cab, unless it has lately passed out of existence, is a picturesque object round which to weave a romantic history.

A. O. BRAZIER.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.—DAVID WILKIE.

ART NOTES.

The magnificent collection of miniatures formed during many years by Dr. Lumsden Propert, the first authority on the subject in England, has been purchased by the Fine Art Society and will be exhibited by them at their Bond Street Galleries very shortly. The collection has been



AMY, DAUGHTER OF MR. WALTER SCARBOROUGH.—G. H. SWINSTEAD.
Exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists.

formed with the dual object of comprising not only a complete historical survey of the School of Miniaturists from Holbein downwards, but of the celebrities whom they painted. Thus, from Holbein's celebrated portrait of Jane Seymour onwards, we have every one of the Tudor and Stuart royalties, as well as portraits of Cromwell, Milton, Drake, Raleigh, Evelyn, Nell Gwynn, and the beauties of the Stuart and Georgian Courts. There are also three of Shakspeare, two being known and engraved as the Somerville and Auriol portraits. Of specimens of the celebrated and rare early miniaturists there are no less than nine Hilliards, eleven Olivers, and fifteen Coopers, with undoubted pedigrees. Nor is the collection confined to the seventeenth and eighteenth century English masters, for it is rich in enamels by the Petitots and the foreign Schools of Miniaturists. It is the fate of almost all the great collections to be dispersed sooner or later, but, as only one other of similar importance to this exists in England, it is not likely that collectors will for a long time have such another chance of acquiring fine examples of these precious pictures in little.

Mr. J. S. Murray Fisher has prepared an elaborate and expensive book on the monuments and statuary in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the Royal Mausoleums, Frogmore, the Albert Memorial Chapel, Windsor, and the Prince Henry of Battenberg Memorial Chapel, Whippingham. The illustrations, about seventy in number, will be beautifully reproduced in photogravure and colour, and will be accompanied by an original biographical review in chronological order of the principal events of each life; also views of the exteriors and interiors, including the magnificent windows, together with other objects of historical and architectural interest.

Mr. G. Hillyard Swinstead, R.B.A., whose two portraits of the Misses Scarborough are here reproduced, became a Royal Academy student in 1881, and exhibited his first picture in 1882. With two exceptions, he has exhibited in the Royal Academy every year since. He became a member of the R.S.B.A. four years ago, his first picture having been exhibited in the Suffolk Street Galleries when he was but sixteen years of age. Versatile as he is in art, he is perhaps best known in *genre* pictures. From among several engravings published of his pictures, "The First Step" was a singular success, and a proof of it was graciously accepted by the Queen. It will be perhaps recalled that reproductions of his pictures have several times been published by the *Illustrated London News* and *The Sketch*. His portraits have been most successful. Those of Mr. Walter Scarborough and his two daughters, May and Amy, are among the most striking pictures in the present Exhibition

of the Royal Society of British Artists. As an interesting detail, it may be added that he took a large share in producing a unique and artistic set of original living pictures at St. George's Hall last month, the audience consisting principally of artists.

The *Studio* for April continues to carry on the extremely fine artistic traditions which it has already created. It contains supplements by men of such reputation as Alexandre Charpentier, Mortimer Menpes, and Jules Chérét, of which later. Mr. Norman Garstin, who for some time has divided his loves between art and literature, contributes an article upon the work of Mr. T. Millie Dow, which is illustrated by reproduced specimens of Mr. Dow's painting. Among these, perhaps the best is "The Enchanted Wood," in which the dream-light over the water and the dim hills is marvellously impressive and poetic. "His pictures," says Mr. Garstin, and the remark applies especially to this particular canvas, "touch us as a summer evening touches us, as a melody heard over still water." Some studies of flowers and a few Eastern subjects complete a very interesting paper.

Alexandre Charpentier is a name that one persistently associates with the modern decorative movement, and Mr. Gabriel Mourey's article in the same magazine upon that distinguished French artist deals with him as exhaustively as limits of space will permit. Mr. Mourey claims for his hero, with the enthusiasm of an ardent admirer, that everything he has produced, from his "Tireur d'Aro" in the 1879 Salon, and his "Jeune Mère Allaitant son Enfant" in the Salon of 1883, down to the series of lithographs in colours ("En Zélande") which he is now publishing—as a travelling artist's note-book, as it were—bears the imprint of complete simplicity and intense naturalness, rendered in æsthetic form. Certainly the reproductions here given of Charpentier's art bear out even this high praise; one embossed design, "La Fille au Violon," has, one would say, the last perfection of that best kind of simplicity which is wrought by fine and persistent rejection. Here is all you require, and yet with what economy of means. The published supplement is no less interesting, and makes a contrast with the brilliant figures of Mr. Mortimer Menpes which form another supplement.

The exhibition of pictures by Mr. G. F. Watts at Toynbee Hall is nothing more than the bodily transfer of the recent New Gallery show into Whitechapel. There the pictures are for anybody to see, the splendid allegories, the gorgeous masses of colour, the noble portraits, and on the opening night it was not uninteresting to hear Canon Barnett lecturing upon the inner meanings of hope and death, and of sin and of life, to a crowd that followed the lecturer from picture to picture. One may be permitted perhaps an irreverent doubt as to whether Whitechapel will be touched to the core by these refined legends, which, as anybody might have seen for himself, were strangely remote from the very streets that touch the doors that enclose them. Still, it is nice to think that they are there to be seen. A man can call spirits from the vasty deep; but will they come when you do call them?



MAY, DAUGHTER OF MR. WALTER SCARBOROUGH.—G. H. SWINSTEAD.
Exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A good many of us would take for granted that the judgment of so intelligent and so catholic a critic as "A. B. W." on Maeterlinck as dramatist could not be far wrong. But appreciation of Maeterlinck the dramatist has led him on to appreciation of Maeterlinck the mystic; and there one examines Mr. Walkley's estimate rather more closely and doubtfully. It appears in the preface to Mr. Sutro's translation of "The Treasure of the Humble," just published by Mr. George Allen. Mr. Walkley warns all away who are not sealed of the tribe of Plotinus, and declares that the book will be closed to whomsoever is tinged with the Voltairean spirit. That goes without saying, of course. But I venture to think that the most adverse criticism will come, not from Voltaireans, not from Worldly Wisemen, but from the idealists whom Maeterlinck is addressing. It may not be all written, this adverse criticism; for it is perilous in a coarse world to find open fault with any expression of the Creed of Spiritual Beauty; but it will be keenly felt. I venture to foretell that the ardent admirers of "The Treasure of the Humble" will be the sentimentalists, who have no real kinship with idealism, but are, as a rule, materialists in their Sunday clothes. These essays on Silence, on Mystic Morality, on Women, on The

in earthier terms. But, as I have said, those to whom mysticism is a rare treat, and something never to be applied in the living world, will prefer Maeterlinck.

A very timely book of travel has just been brought out by Mr. Heinemann, "The Outgoing Turk," by Mr. H. C. Thomson. The title is misleading, however, for the author's subject is really his experiences gained on a journey through Bosnia and Herzegovina. He has used "Turk," he says, not in the sense of "Mahomedan," but in that of "Osmanli official," for it is evidently no part of the object of Austria's occupation to clear out or subordinate the Mahomedan population; but all the Pashas and Turkish officials, of course, have gone. Mr. Thomson is a warm eulogist of Austrian administration, and he tells more of the inner working of the new system of government in these provinces than any other English traveller. From his experiences there and in Turkey, he has come to some interesting conclusions as to what the future of Macedonia should be, very suggestive at the present moment, but too purely political to be entered into here. For the rest, it is an entertaining book of travel in a most picturesque and little-known part of Europe, which, after a few years of steady, kindly, and impartial government, is now in



Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.]

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THE HEIRESS: You are wrong when you say he has no idea of the value of money. The fellow has proposed to me twice.

Invisible Goodness, and other subjects, contain a good deal that is beautiful and some things that are profound. There is hardly a phrase that does not roll rhythmically along the tongue—due acknowledgments should be made to Mr. Sutro—and it is all so solemn that nine out of the ten readers who will pay any attention to them will hold criticism to be indecent. But there is really very little that is unborrowed, and there is a vast deal that is pure bunkum. Mr. Walkley and Mr. Maeterlinck, too, talk much of Plato and Platonists and many another mystic. But the mystics who have profoundly moved the ages, and not been merely hysterical players on the nerves of one generation, have not degraded the intellect as so much of this does, though they may have slandered it. They have written by its strength, and it has kept them from sinking into the wordy slough of mawkishness which is the great peril of their kind. Mr. Maeterlinck is not an insincere mystic, but he has only one fine vehicle for the conveyance of his spiritual ideas, and that is dramatic poetry. He gropes and feels and grasps in the dark, then he translates to us by images, and his ideas are only accurately rendered thus. When he uses prose as his medium, he flounders; he finds the second-rate, the untruthful, the exaggerated phrase: he writes prettily, but too seldom exquisitely, for exquisiteness demands perfect truth, and truth, whether Mr. Maeterlinck likes it or not, always employs the intellect. I do not wish to drive readers away from a book that contains what is beautiful and suggestive, but to say that, for all its solemnity, it may be taken less seriously than Mr. Walkley takes it. Emerson's spiritual essays are ten times more original and more profound; and true mystics will not care though these are expressed

so happy a condition that it can be journeyed through with safety by the ordinary tourist from end to end.

The events of the day will give prominence likewise to Mr. W. H. D. Rouse's "Tales from the Isles of Greece," sketches of modern Greek peasant life translated from Argyris Ephtalistic (Dent). The tales do not strike one as being first-rate artistically; they are curious, naïf, many of them superficial, but they are deeply interesting from one circumstance—that, while they gather up and preserve in their leaves much folk-lore and old custom, they record also the ugly changes that have recently come even to these remote islands. One wanderer who returns from Europe after many years thus laments: "Even here they had brought the rays of civilisation from Syra and the capital; here, too, all the old Greek life was 'refined' away, and they had lost their old island customs as they had lost their old songs. Ah, songs of my home that I love so well! I have sung you—I, the sojourner in foreign lands; and these girls that have never been away from home care nothing to remember you any more, but only babble the ditties of the day with their affected and superficial phrasing." Mr. Rouse, however, does not dwell on that point, but on the Homeric traces lingering about rural Greece, on the charming hospitality, on the relics of old belief from which all life has not departed, in Pan, in the Nereids, in the ancient gods. We still may dream in these isles, "with all around so untouched by what is ugly in modern life, that the world is three thousand years younger, and that Troy has but just fallen, and half expect to hear Pan piping down there in his glen." o. o.

"LEGHORNS OF ALL VARIETIES."

The enormous shows of fancy animals, such as those of the Crystal Palace and Birmingham, where six or seven thousand birds, arranged in hundreds of classes, compete for some two thousand pounds in prizes, in addition to numerous valuable cups and medals, are of comparatively recent growth, taking their rise chiefly from the introduction of the Cochin, rather more than half a century ago. At the present time many domestic animals have been taken in hand by the fancier, not so much as articles of utility, but to win prizes at exhibitions, and new varieties are consequently in very great demand. In no breeds has this multiplication of varieties been more marked than in the case of poultry, where the modifications in the colour of the feathers can be carried to an almost indefinite extent. The book on "Leghorns of All Varieties", which Mr. Harry Hesford has written (*Feathered World Office*) is a remarkable illustration of the length to which this multiplication of the varieties of any particular breed of fowl can be carried by careful selection of breeding-stock. It treats in the

SOME ORNAMENTAL COUSINS OF THE GOOSE.

The goose, poor fellow, has been sadly slandered. In our daily speech he is cited as the utmost degree of crass stupidity. But those who have watched him pursuing with so much circumspection his usual avocations in a farmyard have been obliged to alter their opinion, and regard him as a bird that knows wonderfully well how to find his way about in his own world. Even an authority like Mr. Cornish is of opinion that the goose has more ability than his cousin the duck; but, after the way Sir James Crichton-Browne has spoken of the cousin, that does not mean much. Sir James is our leading authority upon all things pertaining to the human brain, so that we may accept unreservedly any statement he gives concerning the mental calibre of the duck. He found that the tame duck, compared with the wild one, has a much heavier body but a much lighter brain, and is "from first to last, in intellectual and instinctive acuteness, in force and independence of character, much the inferior of the wild variety, and is fast sinking into a state of imbecility." That is rather a forbidding horoscope the duck has had cast for him, and most



FLAMINGOES IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID FOX, KEW, VICTORIA.

most exhaustive manner of the best method of producing all the different colours in the breed known as the Leghorn fowl, which was originally introduced into this country in the 'sixties, being then known only as a white bird. By careful selection and crossing with fowls of other colours, there have been produced brown, cuckoo-coloured, black, pile, duckwing, mottled, and buff Leghorns. The mode of production and perpetuation of all these coloured varieties is carefully described by the author in his treatise, which we must regard as one of the most elaborate works that have ever been issued on a single breed of poultry. Mr. Hesford's book also contains full directions on the general management of the birds, and on the method of preparing them for exhibition. It is, in fact, an exhaustive treatise on the subject. There is also a long and interesting chapter on breeding for colour, and an endeavour to trace all the variations that we now know back to the black-breasted, red-backed jungle-fowl from whence our domestic breeds have been derived. The scientific naturalist might find some points of difference between himself and Mr. Hesford in this chapter, but this would not affect the practical results, and therefore we need hardly enter into the consideration of the differences. Mr. Hesford's book may be commended to the careful consideration of all who desire to rear the different breeds of one of the most useful of fancy fowls.

dairymaids have good reason to offer him much brighter mental prospects. Whatever doubts may be thrown upon the duck's mental ability, there can be no question of his possibilities as an ornament. A mill-pond, uninteresting of itself, becomes picturesque and instinct with life on the arrival of the long, waddling file of "Aylesburies" from their overnight retreat.

By far the most ornamental of the goose's cousins are swans and flamingoes. Anyone who has paddled along the Thames is obliged to admit that the swans give the finishing touch to even the most picturesque reaches of the river. No scenery is too beautiful to give them a suitable setting. From their stately strokes, their grave demeanour, their stucco-set dignity, one would think they were lords and masters of the Thames. If a passing boat tempt them with a show of hospitality, they quickly repress any eagerness they may show at first, and instantly recover their dignity. The flamingo is very unlike the swan, yet, in its own way, and in its own setting, it is quite as picturesque a bird. It finds its proper background in the sedge-banked, pestilential marshes of the East. The bright scarlet of its wings, the pale-pink colouring of its body, give most striking effects. It lacks entirely the stately mien of the swan, but this is quite balanced by the quaint outline of the flamingo, its long, stilted legs, and its sleepy demeanour. It has been introduced, and thrives very well, in Australia.



AYLESBURY DUCKS.



SWANS.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY REID, WISHAW.

MRS. BERNARD-BEERE.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere is assuredly one of the most brilliant and distinguished English actresses of our time, and one that we could ill afford to lose, even in these days when a large proportion of our theatres are given over to the trivialities and inanities of musical farce, and tragedy and comedy are offering us scant measure. Yet we came very near losing her a few months ago, and it was to congratulate her on her marvellous recovery—her resurrection, one might call it—that I called one afternoon last week (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) at her dainty little home, Church Cottage, that stands beside the old parish church of St. Marylebone. There, in her charming drawing-room, ordered with an artistic negligence, where signed portraits and souvenirs of numbers of her most distinguished contemporaries—actors, dramatists, poets, painters, and princes—are prodigal of gracious testimony to the popularity of the actress, the friendship of the woman, Mrs. Beere, in one of her willowy tea-gowns, received me with cordiality, and talked of life and death. And charmingly and wittily she talked of both, for hers is one of those happy, melodious natures that make instinctively for the pleasant harmonies of life, while but a few months ago she was facing death cheerfully, and writing farewell letters to her friends.

"And now," she says, with a happy smile, "I am fit and well; but, oh! the delicious sense of convalescence, the joy of feeling one's grip on life again. Yet it was worth while enduring those months of suffering if only to realise how good and kind people are. I had no idea how many friends I had till reply-paid telegrams of inquiry from perfect strangers, as well as intimate friends and merest acquaintances, came pouring in day by day. And, really, on my convalescent journey from Malvern to Monte Carlo, no queen could have been more tenderly cared for. Those twelve weeks at Monte Carlo, what a lot they did for me! And how wonderfully kind everybody was! And now that I am quite recovered and getting back my strength, I want to be at work again—acting, a good comedy part, by preference. I have been engaged for two months to recite every day at four o'clock at the *Matinée Theatre*, but I long to be acting as well. I am one of those women who must always be doing something; if I have no *Tosca* or *Peg Woffington* to play at the theatre, well—I climb a ladder and nail up pictures at home."

"That accounts for your success as a manager, Mrs. Beere."

"Ah! I love management; it gives one always plenty to do, offers free vent for all one's activities. When I had the *Opéra Comique*, I used to see to everything myself. I looked after the accounts, ordered the advertisements and the printing, decorated the scenes, and attended to the stage-management. And when one is, at the same time, acting an exhausting part, like *Lena Despard*, for instance, in '*As in a Looking-Glass*,' there isn't very much energy left to lag superfluous on the stage."

"Were your managerial ventures profitable as well as interesting?"

"Well, let me see. Of course, I lost money over my first production—Tennyson's play '*The Promise of May*,' which, as you may remember, was a dire failure, though the poet consoled himself with the reflection, 'I had two miles of adverse criticism of "*Maud*"—the fools!' When this failure faced me, although I was deluged with plays, with parts specially written for me—invariably adventuresses acting as decoys for bad fathers, and wanting to lead better lives—I had nothing to supply the place of '*The Promise of May*.' However, I yearned to play *Jane Eyre*, and Charles Kelly, who was with me then, was, of course, the ideal actor for Rochester, so W. G. Wills adapted Charlotte Brontë's great book for us, and we rehearsed the play as he wrote it, in scraps. It was a curious experience, and another was the woman with the maniac laugh. It was necessary to find an actress for the mad wife, but the requisite laugh could not be discovered in the West End. One day, however, Mr. Wills came and told me he had found the very laugh we wanted—a wonderful, weird laugh—in Shoreditch, and Miss D'Almaine was engaged. But she would never do the laugh at rehearsal, which rather disconcerted me. However, Mr. Wills assured me that it would be 'all right on the night.' The dress-rehearsal came, and I had just finished my scene with Rochester when I heard a hideous, screeching laugh that froze my blood, and affected me so terribly that, instead of merely falling in a

pretended faint, I actually swooned dead away. And so realistically did the woman, playing the maniac, clutch my throat that I retained the marks of her fingers for three weeks. After that, Charles Kelly stood close by every night to protect me, for I never felt safe with that woman. '*Jane Eyre*' made money, but not sufficient to recoup the loss on Tennyson's play. The production of '*Jane Eyre*' was, however, a very important event for me, for my acting in that character led to my selection to play *Fédora* at the Haymarket, and my pleasant engagement with the Bancrofts."

"Well, you lifted yourself to the front rank of leading actresses by your splendid *Fédora*, and made yourself the inevitable *Tosca*."

"I enjoy acting in Sardou's plays; he is a great playwright, and his heroines appeal to me. I have never had any ambition to play Shaksperian tragedy parts, though I have yearned towards *Rosalind*, and I played *Katharine* to Forbes-Robertson's *Petruchio*, at the Haymarket. But *Fédora* and *La Tosca* do appeal to me."

"You have never consciously imitated Sarah in those parts?"

"No; I must always think out a character for myself, and act it in my own way. I saw Sarah play *La Tosca* twice, but I played the part on my own lines, and, though I followed Sardou's business as much as possible (he writes very elaborate stage-directions), I introduced some

entirely original business, with Mr. Hare's approval (What a sympathetic stage-manager he is!). The episode of the letter in the second act, and the shooting in the last act, differed materially from the French version. I studied '*La Tosca*' for seven and a-half weeks; but I cannot act in a methodical manner, counting so many steps to the right before I say 'Oh dear!' or so many to the left before I raise my right hand. I feel so intensely what I am acting that I am obliged to depend on the instinctive gesture, the dramatic impulse of the moment. I am all nerves, and as for artistic method, I never think about it. Before a production I endure tortures of starvation through excessive nervousness."

"Sarah Bernhardt admires your acting, I believe?"

"Ah, she is always so charming and generous! After '*La Tosca*' she wired me 'Mille grands compliments amitiés,' and she has paid me the very high compliment of playing *Lena Despard* after me. All really great artists are generous and large-minded, you will find."

"You have had a very brilliant career, Mrs. Beere, when one comes to think it over. You have done many fine things, and had some remarkable successes—*Jane Eyre*, *Fédora*, *La Tosca*, *Lena Despard*, *Peg Woffington*, Mrs. Arbuthnot."

"Adrienne Lecouvreur has been my latest success—in the provinces, though; I want now to play it in town. But you are right—I have had a good time, on the whole. Years ago, Hermann Vezin, under whose instruction and guidance I began to act, and W. S. Gilbert, when I played in his '*Gretchen*,' predicted my success as an actress."

"Why shouldn't you exercise that witty pen of yours? You inherit the literary faculty, you know."

"Now, don't remind me that my father was Francis Wilbye Whitehead, the writer and painter, and friend of Thackeray, my godfather, and that my uncle was the brilliant but unfortunate Charles Whitehead, poet, playwright, and novelist; and, therefore, I ought to write poems, plays, and novels too!"

"No; but I insist on your publishing some of your clever sketches and parodies. I have never forgotten your parody of the drawing-room ballad—

"Next year this year will have passed away,
And to-morrow to-day will be yesterday;
And Monday and Tuesday go sadly past,
Leaving sorrowing Friday and Saturday last;
And you will be old, love, and I be grey,
Unless I dye, as perhaps I may.
But what matter the future? Come what may,
To-morrow to-day will be yesterday."

"Fancy your remembering that!" said Mrs. Beere, with a merry laugh. "I scribble those things, and others, for my own amusement, for, as I tell you, I must always be doing something. But if the managers will only realise that I am now well enough to act again, and they give me a good part, I'll devote all my energies and all my thoughts to the stage, for that is the love of my life."

And so I took my leave of this brilliant woman and true artist, whom such a man as Robert Browning delighted to honour with his friendship, and in whom the stage still possesses an ornament of rare value.—M. C. S.



MRS. BERNARD-BEERE IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MRS. BERNARD-BEERE AS LA TOSCA.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MRS. BERNARD-BEERE AS LADY ORMOND IN "PERIL."
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MRS. BERNARD-BEERE AS LADY ORMOND IN "PERIL."
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MRS. BERNARD-BEERE AS LA TOSCA.
Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.

THE GREAT PUBLISHING HOUSES.

XXIV.—MR. H. S. NICHOLS.

Mr. Nichols and his numerous occupations recall the early days of literary enterprise in this country, when the bookseller was also the bookbinder and the printer of the volumes which he retailed, for, with the exception of paper-making, Mr. Nichols is the head of a large

concern which deals with every phase of book-production. A Leeds man, beginning life at something like five shillings per week, at J. Miles's, he has, within an almost incredible space of time, created one of the largest and most composite concerns in the annals of book-selling. He started in business on his own account at Sheffield, and his knowledge of the second-hand book trade, acquired in very early life, has proved of the greatest value to him since he started book-publishing. The average publisher knows practically nothing of the wants of a very considerable section of the book-buying public, of the constant inquiries for certain excessively rare



MR. H. S. NICHOLS.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

volumes of almost forgotten Court and other memoirs which various circumstances have combined to give a new life and a fresh vitality.

Mr. Nichols removed from the provinces to London in 1891, starting as a printer in Wardour Street, removing shortly afterwards to one of the most interesting houses in Soho Square, No. 3, formerly in possession of the Walpole family. Mr. Nichols's own private sanctum was formerly the Walpole dining-room; and its massive carved oak and appurtenances of a bygone age render it one of the handsomest apartments of its kind to be found in London. He commenced publishing in 1892 by issuing certain Court memoirs, for the better class of book-collectors, in library editions at half-a-guinea per volume. The experiment was an immediate success, and, there being no author to pay or copyright to consider, it may be assumed that there was a very handsome margin of profit on each volume. By a very smart stroke of business he purchased the copyright of Burton's "Arabian Nights," of the abridgment of which, in twelve volumes at six guineas net, over one thousand sets were disposed of in the course of a few weeks, and there has been an almost continuous run on them ever since, Mr. Nichols's easy and convenient terms placing even the poorer student and collector in possession of the most remarkable translation of the century. The success of this experiment induced the proprietor to engage Mr. Albert Letchford to illustrate Burton's great work; the original sixty-five pictures eventually extended to seventy-one, and it may be safely asserted that the experiment is the greatest of its kind since Boydell carried his great Shakspeare to a successful issue. It has been generally acknowledged that Mr. Letchford's representations of the supernatural and grotesque are simply marvellous. We believe that this illustrated Burton cost over five thousand pounds.

The complete edition of Victor Hugo in twenty-eight volumes and a portfolio of large illustrations is another experiment of which, from a sentimental as well as from a pecuniary point of view, Mr. Nichols is justly proud. His success in these comparatively early attempts led him to the conviction that the taste for exquisite books is greater than ever, and he is going to issue Court Memoirs in connection with the Courts of every nation not already included in his publications, and for some of the volumes which have already appeared Mr. Nichols has paid three times the original subscription price. The "Historic Memoir" series is intended to include the memoir of every great person of note or notoriety, and it already includes Marmontel, Cardinal de Retz, Henri IV., Du Barry, Talleyrand, Fouché, the Empress Josephine, Richelieu, Voltaire, and D'Épinay. These Historic and Court Memoirs have been chosen with a view to giving readers a sufficient taste or account of the various individuals and Courts; where there has already been a good translation, this has been edited and revised, and where none such had existed, a fresh translation has been made. These series have caused quite a resurrection-day in the Court life of the world, as some of the works had become so rare as to be almost forgotten.

Another welcome resurrection has been effected in the case of Dumas' "Celebrated Crimes," in eight volumes, in editions of four, sixteen, and thirty-two guineas, with fifty-one special illustrations by Jacques Wagrez. This is the first time that a complete edition has ever been offered in this country. The success of this series was so great that the publisher brought out a cheaper edition, like the original,

beautifully got-up, and at a price which placed it within the reach of book-collectors rich or poor. A superb edition of Flaubert's "Temptation of St. Antony," for the first time completely translated into English, by Mr. D. F. Hannigan, and illustrated by Stanislas Górski, and a companion translation of the same author's "Bouvard and Pécuchet," are two more of Mr. Nichols's triumphs; a library edition of John Hall Stevenson's "Crazy Tales" forms a fit companion to the most sumptuous edition yet published of Sterne—Stevenson and Sterne were a well-matched pair of cronies. Sir Richard Burton's "Carmina" of Catullus is another choice book, issued in three editions, respectively three, six, and twelve guineas net; there are four editions of the much-needed full and complete translation of Rousseau's "Confessions," ranging from two to sixteen guineas.

The "Fin-de-Siècle Library" is one of Mr. Nichols's most recent enterprises at supplying the book-lover with choice books, beautifully illustrated and at moderate prices. So far as the first issue, "Daphnis and Chloë," is concerned, it is unquestionably a substantial specimen and example of craftsmanship in the arts ancillary to the creation of a book. Mr. Nichols tells us, that he desires and intends to eclipse all efforts, whether of his own or of others, hitherto made, and to put together such a series of books as has never before made its appearance, whether in this or in any other country. It will be interesting to watch this experiment, but, if any man is capable of carrying out the high intentions with which the series is launched, certainly Mr. Nichols may be trusted to do so. Three works of Gautier are to follow the Longus, "Jean and Jeannette," "The King Candaule," and "A Night of Cleopatra," successively, and these will, in due course, be followed by translations from Bourget, Flaubert, and Alfred and Paul Musset. Of Mr. Nichols's publication "The Nude in Art," we need not speak at any length, as it was only recently issued. It may, however, be permitted to point out that this magnificent selection of forty-five remarkable proofs, comprising the *chefs d'œuvre* of the most modern painters of the nude, is the largest which has ever been produced in book-form, averaging as the plates do a hundred and forty square inches of engraved surface, thus affording ample space for the proper reproduction of the original painting. The title of this important work does not, it is true, suggest that it is one for Sunday Schools, but those who abominate anything which may be questionable may rest assured that there is nothing in the work which can be deemed objectionable. The descriptive text, by a well-known authority, gives a brief biography of each artist, together with a historical and critical review of each picture.

The printing and publishing of books form, as has been indicated, only a comparatively small portion of Mr. Nichols's time and energies. His second-hand book department is second only to that of the great Mr. Bernard Quaritch, and his shop is one of the sights of Piccadilly. It is literally crammed with rarities of all descriptions, from magnificent illustrated Persian manuscripts to books in historical bindings, from fine *editio princeps* of the Greek classics to productions of the presses of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde. These vary in price, from a mere trifle of £900 for a superb example of thirteenth century art in the shape of a Latin Bible to £1000 for an exceedingly beautiful Italian manuscript Ovid of the fifteenth century. We have here a copy of the excessively rare first edition "Poems on Various Occasions" of Byron, for which item no less than a hundred guineas are asked; Marie de Medicis's copy of Heliodorus; King George the Third's of Adam's "Ruins of the Palace of the Emperor Diocletian," 1764, and for which only £24 is asked. But a whole issue of *The Sketch* might be taken up with an enumeration of a few of the rarities in Mr. Nichols's shop. The proprietor of this extensive business is not content with simply offering books which he may happen to have in stock, but he has an elaborate scheme by which a book-buyer may obtain within a few hours almost any kind of work at all procurable; the telephone system facilitates in a great measure this books-while-you-wait development.

Not content with book-printing and book-selling, Mr. Nichols has recently opened a department for book-binding, for which he has secured the late Mr. Bedford's unique collection of binding-tools, comprising, among others, sets of the designs of Grolier, Derome, Nicholas and Clovis Eve, Maioli, Roger Payne, Le Gascon, also designs for bindings in the Harleian or monastic style, together with thousands of other designs of every description of ornament of the French, Italian, and English schools.

It seems almost superfluous, after what has been said, to describe Mr. Nichols as a man of great enterprise and foresight. While the rich Corporation of London was sending around the hat for a paltry six thousand pounds odd to purchase the unique philological library of the late Prince L. L. Bonaparte, Mr. Nichols stepped in with the cash, and became the purchaser. He is a tremendously hard worker, keeping, as he does, the entire management of the business in his own hands. Every department is in the hands of competent men, which is a point of the highest consequence to all successful business enterprises. Mr. Nichols is not merely a book-producer, but a bibliophile of great good taste, his fine house at Regent's Park containing a library of exceedingly choice and rare books.

W. ROBERTS.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"Young Bareacres owes you a couple of hundred, does he? Rather a doubtful debt, isn't it?"
"Doubtful? I wish it was!"



"CUCKOO, WILL YOU FIND ME A MATCH, PLEASE?"



THINGS I HAVE NOT SEEN: No. 3.—THE POLAR CIRCLE.

THE DUMPIES STRANGE ADVENTURE OF WIDE-OUT

FRANK VER-BECK.
DISCOVERED BY
ALBERT TRIGELOW PAINE.
HISTORIAN

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]

It will be remembered that, after all the other Dumpies and their friends had tried and failed, it was the gentle Wide-out who finally subdued the Bicycle and rode it into camp. Every morning for a week thereafter the animals and people gathered in the court of the Dumpling's palace to watch how gracefully and obediently the new steed bore its little mistress. One bright morning, when both the Dumpling and Dumpling-ee had ordered their thrones dragged out into the court that they might enjoy the spectacle, and Wide-out had ridden a great many times around and around and around, it was noticed that the wheel suddenly appeared to be acting strangely. A second later it had plunged through the open space which was always to be found between Jolly-boy and Commodore,



Till the Cycle, badly frightened
Wildly wobbled in its flight, and
Vainly turned to left and right, and
Found it still the same.

The fleet-footed Rabbit and Sir 'Possum, knowing the roads and by-paths, had planned all this, and the Wheel little by little turned back toward Dumpy Land, and in the direction of a spot where the wary but slower-footed 'Possum was lying in wait. He had pondered for some time as to how he should rescue Wide-out as she came by, and had at last climbed a tree that overhung a steep hill which the Wheel would be obliged to climb slowly.

The panting Cycle up the hill
Soon climbed to where Sir P. was clinging—
He waited silently until
'Twas just beneath, then, downward swinging,

He seized fair Wide-out in his arms
And lifted her with grace and neatness—
The Wheel was filled with wild alarm,
And, lightened, fled with added fleetness.

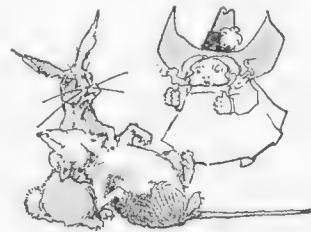


And then, as sly Sir 'Possum planned,
It gained the top, and o'er a ditchway,
It plunged into the Dumpy band,
Who rolled and tumbled every which way.

"Oh, Cycle base," the Dumpies cried,
"Where have you left our dainty blossom?"
When coming down the hill they spied
The Rabbit, Wide-out, and Sir 'Possum.

"What ho!" the Rabbit cried; "You see
We're not as black as we are painted."
"Behold our triumph!" cried Sir P.,
And in the Rabbit's arms he fainted.

Ever since the affairs of the hornets' nest and the stolen taffy, the Rabbit and Sir 'Possum had been in disgrace, though pardoned by the Dumpling. Now, however, they were in high feather, and were escorted



home in triumph. The Bicycle, humble and in disgrace, went slowly along. Wide-out walked with the Rabbit, while Sir 'Possum, who kept up his faint long enough to arouse pity, was carried on a stretcher between Commodore and Jolly-boy.



Onward plunged the Cycle straightway,
Through the massive outer gateway,
Dashing forward in a great way;
While poor Commodore,
As he saw it swiftly glide out,
With the Dumpy people cried out,
"Wide-out! Wide-out! Gentle Wide-out—
Gone for evermore!"

Then Sir 'Possum and the Rabbit
(Secretly, as was their habit)
Made a plan by which to nab it,
And away they flew;
While, behind, the horns were blowing,
And the wild excitement growing
Of the Dumpies, who were going
Promptly to pursue.

And the Cycle, who had been a
Prey to Wide-out's charms so many,
Sped on gaily, laughing, when a
Rabbit crossed its track;
"Ah!" it cried, "that means disaster!
From my back I ought to cast her."
But it only hurried faster—
Never turning back.

While the Rabbit, ever keeping
In advance, continued leaping
Back and forth before the weeping
Wide-out as she came;



and was scorching away toward the outer gates with Wide-out on its back holding on for dear life. This is the tale as it is written—

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"THEN TALK NOT OF INCONSTANCY."

BY CONSTANCE COTTERELL.

I wonder if father's gone yet? Because it's no good if he isn't. I'll just run out and look through the railings on the landing and see. Good. His hat and umbrella are gone. I wonder what kind of a father it would be that didn't carry an umbrella. But fathers aren't my business to-day—and I shan't be theirs to-morrow. Now I must pack everything. As if I could get everything into that bag! Why, I can carry it myself. Still, that's just what Geoff said, "Something you can carry yourself." He doesn't know, a little bit. Would he be content with only that if he was going on his honeymoon? But he is going on his honeymoon! Well, if I sit here to straighten things out in my mind—. What time is it? At any rate, I can take my watch—and jewellery. I can wear that under my things. *Won't* Geoff stare when I blaze forth? But—Geoff is very poor. Perhaps I'd better not let him see it all. I wonder what he *shall* live on, by-the-bye? But, of course, that's his affair. And, naturally, he wouldn't be so selfish and thoughtless as to ask me to live on nothing for him.

Oh, I never shall be ready. To begin with, I must take that silk blouse that Geoff likes, and the lace one I wore the other night when Sir James Sallien came to dinner. How his eyes rolled—my way. They seemed to burn me; I wanted to hit the eyelids down. I *should* like to know how old he is. And then, how unspeakably ugly! And Geoff is as handsome as a god. Not the old juicy Zeus kind of god—the Apollo and—and—you know. But then, Geoff's so ridiculously poor; and the old wretches like Sir James are so rich. Well, never mind. Geoff is the best man in the world. At least, there's—richer, but still, he's much the nicest. And riches fade—but then, so do good looks. Why does father hunt out silly old judges and decayed explorers for friends, instead of men that might amuse *me*? I'm sure he has himself to blame if his daughter runs away.

Well, and now, boots. Geoff likes these shoes, and these, and I must have walking-boots, and boots for the Bois—and bath-slippers. And then, gloves—. But this will never do. The bed looks like a hay-rick, and here's the little bag, just a mere pocket. I will just put in one of everything. That is, one silk blouse, one lace—. No, that'll never do. If only I could send for Mary to pack! But, of course, she mustn't know anything about it. I'm certain she suspects something, though. And, besides, I've sent her off to St. Paul's Churchyard, when she knows I never shop east of Bond Street, so as to be out of the way. Why can't one have a kind of preparation of maid, just as the "Arabian Nights" people prepared their slaves, with her eyes and ears and tongue only adapted for one's own purposes?

Heavens! There's only three-quarters of an hour till the train goes. But Geoff will have taken tickets and seats and everything. Done at last! I only hope it won't burst open. Now to get downstairs. I trust cook won't be flirting at the area-railings. Wriggle, wriggle, creep, creep, bump, bump, the beastly bag against the bannisters! Here I am. Letters on the hall-table! Any for me? Yes, three. Shall I take them? It's no good when I'm leaving everything. But—yes. You never know. I'll stick them in my bag. They'll do to read on the journey, for I'm sure Geoff will just stamp and fume up and down till I come, and never buy any papers.

There's Mary at the corner of the Square, back already. I *knew* that girl suspected something. Cab? Yes, quick. Victoria. There, Miss Mary, I don't think you've seen me, and I'm off! Geoff must pay the cab. I shall keep my money in reserve. How killing I look! And these cab-glasses are not made flattering. If I hadn't been so devoted to Geoff, I might have—! But it's too late now, and Geoff is a dear—if he wouldn't always give in to me.

Oh, Geoff, here I am. Did you think I was never coming? How pale you are! Rub your face. I'm sure everyone's looking at you. Don't give him so much. Worth anything you have, am I? Well, but you must give it to me, not to other people, you know. Don't look so shocked. I'm not a bit mercenary; indeed I'm not. I shouldn't be here if I was, should I? No; I didn't mean that, Geoff, of course. You do go into such tantrums. Only just time? Well, why didn't you say so, instead of talking? A carriage all to ourselves? But you mustn't be so extravagant. Well, we're really off.

Oh, *wait* till we're out of the station, Geoff! And you're spoiling my hat and my necktie. . . . You're red enough now. Yes, we're really off. I do hope I shall never regret it. I mean *you*. Love you? Of course I love you. But don't for Heaven's sake sit on my hat.

What do I keep singing snatches of? Oh, it's only an old end of verse that I sang to Sir James Sallien the other night. You wouldn't like it. Oh, yes, I'll sing it aloud if you really want me to. I'm going to be a very obedient wife—don't *smother* me, Geoff—if only you'll order me about enough—

*The time that is to come, is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot;
And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.*

*Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This livelong minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.*

Why, there's tears in your eyes, Geoff! I didn't know I sang so affectingly. Sir James didn't cry. Cruel verses? Oh, I don't know,

Some people are like that. I cruel? I didn't write the thing. I've been true to you for three months. How can you say such unkind things, Geoff, when I've given up everything for you? Three months a short time? Well, it's all the opportunity I've had. And I'm sure I would have been true to *anything* that would take me away.

Now, you read your paper. It would be a terrible thing if it came to lunch-time and you didn't know what the savages in South Africa did yesterday, and you a man! Me? Oh, I'll read my letters. That's the hundredth time you've kissed me to-day. Need we say farewell for life when you go behind a newspaper?

There, now he's settled and I can be quiet. I don't want to read those silly letters. Shall I throw them out of the window? How different it was the last time I went abroad! I didn't know Geoff then. Nor anybody else. I don't know anybody else now, or I mightn't be—. I believe I'm sorry I'm coming. And it *was* more fun always meeting him when I ought not, and in places where I had no business to be, than all at one blow tying myself to him and him only. Men don't understand a bit. I don't believe he wants ever to see anybody but me.

What an idiotic letter from Bee! Fancy adoring one's husband like that! Only wishes I had a husband too? Well, Bee, this time to-morrow—. And who's this from? Who can it be? What a shaky, old, queer, old, tipsy hand! Signature first always. "James Sallien"! What can he be writing to me about?

Oh, Geoff, do read your paper. I'm busy.

What? What? What? Oh! Oh! what a—a—. How madden—curious!

I didn't say anything, Geoff, dear.

I've only seen him three times. How could I have dreamt he would want to marry me? He ought to have told me in time, stupid old—. Old? No, he can't *feel* so very old, or he wouldn't be thinking of marrying. And it's me that's stupid, not to have seen it the other night. It was as plain as—as he was. No, he isn't really plain, only distinguished-looking. Oh, why does Geoff look so horribly handsome and—and *good* round the corner of his paper? I shall go distracted.

No, Geoff, I didn't say a *word*. Don't bother me.

Now, let me think. With Sir James I—. But what's the good of thinking? Here I am with Geoff, and I've promised him—. Still, a promise isn't an oath. You *can* break it. But, of course, I don't want to. *Of course* I don't! How very ragged dear Geoff's cuffs are! And how very odd that I never noticed that his boots were patched!

They say the first Lady Sallien had priceless jewels. I wonder what they were? Amethysts suit me best. Heigho! But it's no good saying "Heigho!" I never shall have any. My head is whirling, whirling, whirling, like a windmill with the sails inside. Oh, why couldn't he wait till to-morrow, when it'll all be over—or write yesterday?

Who are my letters from, do you say? Only stupid people, dear—all girls.

If only the train would be quiet one instant, even only one instant! Why did the dean preach all about Providence on Sunday? Does Providence put its finger into our matters? I know Geoff doesn't believe in Providence; but that's no reason why I shouldn't.

The train actually is pulling up. Now I shall be quiet. But he's folding up his paper. He means to talk.

Get me some fruit? If only you would, Geoff, *dear*.

The very carriage is bigger now he's gone. I don't like being crammed up in places where you can't get away from people. I should like to live in a huge house where you couldn't always be pounced on the instant you were wanted. I'll fold that letter up and put it away. It's too—tantalising! What's that they're shouting? "Up express! Victoria in front, City behind!" Victoria in front! Where is the train coming in? Here, on this very platform!

Can I be going to faint? No! Is Geoff anywhere about? I don't see him. Shall I? Shall I? *Shall I?* Father would be so pleased, and I know he'd be awfully displeased at my marrying Geoff.

Could I get across the platform unseen? I always liked doing brave things. I'll try. . . . Well, here I am in the up-train, anyway. *Have* I left that letter behind? No, thank Heaven! I'm sure it's Heaven I may thank, for I'd swear all these saints and prophets and things never had such direct messages as I've had to-day. And I feel so much more comfortable in my mind now I'm here that I know I must be doing right. We're going! And I am—yes, I'm quite *glad*. A little house would have been very, very poky. And I don't think poor Geoff had any ideas at all about style. There he is, hurrying along. Grapes and strawberries in April! Oh, how very extravagant he is! No, I can see that, with his extravagant habits, it would never have done. Well, he will be able to eat them all himself, if that's any consolation to him. Perhaps it will be. Men are so greedy. A meal makes up for most things to them. No, though, I don't think Geoff will ever really get over it.

I don't care now if Mary did see me. I shall easily be able to square her. In fact, I never need think about money now. Oh, it's what I've longed for all my life! Dear Geoff was so persuasive and amusing about his love in a cottage. He took me quite out of myself. And to be out of yourself is to be insane.

I wonder what the first Lady Sallien died of? Ennui—I shouldn't wonder. *He* won't, anyway.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S "WALKS ABROAD."

The Capital City of Washington has been experiencing a novelty during the past few weeks; it is that of a President sauntering about the town in as unostentatious and unconventional a way as though he were only a private citizen. The very day after his inauguration, President



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ON HORSEBACK.
From the "Washington Post."

McKinley was seen on Connecticut Avenue, the smart promenade street of Washington, taking a walk with one of his friends, and smilingly acknowledging the salutations of passers-by who recognised him. It is said that this first walk, in the "cool of the day" on March 5, did more towards winning the hearts of the American public than anything else the new President could have done.

From the English point of view, there may seem nothing remarkable in the fact of the President of a republic taking a walk about town like an ordinary individual. It might seem the only proper course for him to pursue, but, in the United States, President McKinley and his "walks" have become a subject of conversation and congratulation, and all the newspapers, no matter

what may be their political bias, are uniting in expressing their gratification that now they have a "President who is not afraid," the inference being that his predecessor was "afraid."

It is well known in America, though it may be a surprise to Englishmen, that during almost the entire course of President Cleveland's last Administration, the chief executive was not known to go outside the doors of the White House without a guard of detectives, in citizens' clothes, whose duty it was to look after the President's safety; and as for taking a promenade through the streets of Washington, Mr. Cleveland was never known to do such a thing.

It was not, however, until the day after the assassination of the late President of France that Mr. Cleveland inaugurated the custom of going about always followed by two or three men, who became known in Washington as "guardian angels." President Cleveland, soon after his second inauguration, made many enemies throughout the country, and these enemies were mostly within the ranks of his own party. Letters from "cranks" came to him by the hundred, accusing him of treachery to the party who had placed him in power, some of them containing abusive language, and even threats upon his life, and when the President of France suffered death at the hands of an assassin, President Cleveland immediately took steps to protect himself from danger of a like fate.

On the morning following the French tragedy, what was the astonishment of the good people of Washington to see their President's private carriage followed closely by two ordinary-looking men driving in a "buggy"! When the President stopped, the "buggy" stopped, the two men looking carefully always to different points of the compass. The news rapidly spread that the President had engaged the services of private guards, and thereafter the "guardian angels" became a feature of Washington. Only on his fishing and hunting excursions was the President free from their surveillance, and even when he took a short constitutional up and down the White House lawn, he was carefully watched by policemen in uniform who were detailed for duty in the grounds.

For the accommodation of these policemen two little houses were put up on the lawn. They were known in Washington as "sentry-boxes," but they were in every way superior to the tiny boxes in which stand the guards outside the English royal residences. The "houses" were about four times the size of regular sentry-boxes, with a window, small table, chair, and a stove for keeping the policemen warm in winter.

Washingtonians and Americans at large did not take kindly to the introduction of the "guardian angels" and the "sentry-boxes," and many were the criticisms passed upon the President for his so-called "exclusiveness." Even in his exit from the Presidency he made use of the services of the "guardian angels." In driving to the Capitol with President-elect McKinley, six detectives in private clothes accompanied the carriage.

This is the reason that President McKinley's now well-established custom of walking about Washington, either by himself or in company with his secretary or some other friends, is causing such general congratulation. The services of the "guardian angels" have been dispensed with, and it is reported that the "sentry-boxes" will be torn down. When the new President takes a drive, he jumps into his brougham and gives directions to his driver without a thought of fear, though already he, like President Cleveland, has received scores of letters from the "crank" fraternity, making divers threats against him; but he goes serenely on, paying no attention whatever to these incidents.

"We would like to express our gratification," says a prominent American paper, "at finding that President McKinley has confidence enough in his fellow-citizens to leave his guards behind him and walk about the public streets like any other human being."

This is the general sentiment of the Press and the people on the subject. Even private letters of congratulation have been received by the President. Americans write and thank him for the confidence he is reposing in them, and express themselves as delighted that he appears to be of an optimistic instead of a pessimistic temperament. Shortly after his inauguration, one of his friends, an Army officer, had an accident which necessitated his being taken to a hospital and kept there for several days, and the very next day after the accident the President called at the hospital to see his friend and to inquire whether he could do anything for him. This was another thing which went to endearing him to the hearts of Americans.

It has always been the custom for the different Presidents of the United States to hold impromptu receptions two or three times during the week, when all those who wished to pay their respects might pass through the East Room and do so, receiving a cordial hand-shake. One hour three times a-week was usually given up to this duty, but during the latter part of President Cleveland's administration very few such opportunities were given the public for taking their chief executive by the hand, although, of course, the regular evening receptions were given during the winter season. People who called at the White House were always referred to the Private Secretary, and when it was known that they merely called to "pay their respects" there was usually some reason why the President could not be seen. The fear of "cranks" was also the cause of the establishment of this custom, and not the President's "aversion to humans."

Three days after President McKinley's inauguration the following announcement was made in all the papers—

The Cabinet will meet Tuesdays and Fridays at 11 o'clock a.m.

The President will receive Senators and Representatives in Congress from 10 to 12 on all days except Cabinet days.

Persons not Senators or Representatives, having business with the President, will be received from 12 to 1 o'clock on all days except Cabinet days.

Those persons having no business, but who desire to pay their respects, will be received by the President in the East Room at 3 o'clock p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

By Direction of the President.

This announcement was hailed with joy, for it seemed to include everybody in its provisions. During President Cleveland's administration it had been often difficult for Senators and Representatives to get the ear of the President. They must needs first give a strict account of themselves to the Private Secretary before it was decided whether or not they could be admitted into what came to be known as the "Holy of Holies"—in other words, the President's room—while "persons not Senators or Representatives, but having business with the President," had almost as little chance of seeing him as of paying their respects to the Emperor of China in person.

Now, however, all this has been changed; everybody who has a desire to see and shake hands with the chief executive may do so, and he is popularising himself with the whole country by his daily walks. Every afternoon, when the weather is fine, he throws aside the cares of his office and, as the Americans say, "just walks." Even on a recent damp day he was not deterred from taking his constitutional. In company with his secretary, Mr. Porter, a pair of "rubbers" and an umbrella, he made a short cut across the White House lawn and walked briskly along Pennsylvania Avenue.

A day or two ago Washingtonians were given a new sensation. Instead of taking his usual walk, the President emerged from the White House grounds mounted on a fine-looking horse, which had been lent to him for the purpose by a friend. After a ride of about an hour, he returned to the Executive Mansion so pleased with his new method of exercise that the next day he again took advantage of it, and arrangements are now being made for the purchase of a good riding-horse. Not since the days of General Grant, who cantered about the nation's capital on a fine charger, have the Americans been treated to the spectacle of a President on horseback.

It is by persistently adhering to his rule of taking an hour's exercise daily that President McKinley has, so far, been able to get through the first few weeks of his administration without a physical and mental breakdown, for the office-seekers give him no rest, and have even taken to calling on him in a body and "orating" to him concerning their qualifications for the positions they desire; but it has been given out that candidates who thus present their claims do not find particular favour with him.

ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

TEGETMEIER'S "PHEASANTS."

Among the many benefits conferred by the Romans on Britain, Lord Lilford counted as one the introduction of the pheasant, although many owners of coverts will count it—for last year, at any rate—an expensive and dubious blessing. In his pleasant and erudite book on "Pheasants, their Natural History and Practical Management," a third edition of which has just been issued from the Field Office, Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier accepts Lord Lilford's surmise as to the introduction of the common pheasant as correct, and gives the history of the introduction of other species, such as the Chinese, Japanese, Soemmering's, Reeve's, and the latest introduction of all, the Prince of Wales's Pheasant, which comes from Afghanistan. Perhaps there is no one in Great Britain to-day possessing such a wide, varied, and peculiar experience in the breeding and management of birds of all kinds as Mr. Tegetmeier. He carried out most of Darwin's classical experiments when that great thinker was investigating the problems of heredity in the domestic fowl. He is one of the men who have always got something to say worth listening to at the meetings of the Zoological Society.

ON THE WAR-PATH WITH THE "ARTISTS."

Thursday.—Received wire inviting me to accompany the 20th Middlesex (Artists) to Folkestone on their Easter Campaign. Grand opportunity to acquire training as war-correspondent. The Artists are proverbially one of the most efficient and soldierly battalions in the Volunteer force, average intelligence and physique exceptionally high, *esprit de corps* equal to that of any crack regiment in the best armies of Europe. Sure, therefore, to be in the thick of everything—doing and learning all that is to be done and learnt. To pack my Gladstone was but the work of an hour; and so to Charing Cross, after a little complication with Waterloo, just in time to see the Artists entrain for Folkestone—a very smart proceeding. Arrived at the Central Station, the regiment and I immediately detrained as one man, and promptly marched to the temporary barracks at the Exhibition Buildings, where the three hundred and odd men who had marched from London with the baggage-waggons, under Major W. C. Horsley, cordially greeted their newly arrived comrades. Having seen their men comfortably bestowed in barracks, Colonel Edis and his officers repaired to their own cosy quarters at Avenue Mansion, where stories were told of the three days' march from London, the new rifle was discussed, and the Colonel, a most enthusiastic and able soldier and popular commanding officer, was soon busy preparing the orders for the morrow. A more charming and intelligent set of officers could hardly be found in any regiment in the Army. It must be quite a pleasure to give them orders, they seem to enjoy them so heartily. I was billeted with Lieutenant Brandon Thomas, one of the keenest soldiers of them all, the best of comrades, and a rare student of strategy and tactics. To hear him graphically describing the details of historic campaigns, one might imagine he had commanded a successful army in the field rather than written the most successful play in the world. Yet there are times—in the small hours of the morning, with a very early breakfast threatening—when even a war-correspondent may begin to wish that Moltke had never been born, and Waterloo and Sedan had never been fought.

Friday.—It was blowing a gale, yet I felt that the Artists had to be accompanied to Hythe at an early hour. They turned out in field-kit, and marched with a light, springy step, which I found the tramcar along the sea-wall accompanied most admirably. Across the shingle ranges the wind was blowing greater guns than any the Artists were armed withal, yet, firing for the first time with the Lee-Metford rifle, in volleys of twenty at five hundred yards, the average of hits on the target was about forty-five per cent. Captain Martin, the musketry instructor, and Captain Annesley, of the Rifle Brigade, the accomplished adjutant, might well look proud. While one half-battalion practised volley-firing under the immediate command of the Colonel, the other practised picket work and outpost duty with Major Horsley, a splendid officer. And so the day was most instructive. But oh! it was a nipping and an eager air, and the winds cracked and blew their cheeks, and the rain came down; and I, coming after a while to the conclusion that I was not naturally a war-correspondent, marched in the direction of the Red Lion Hotel, and carried it gallantly by storm. I shall not forget that bleak day at Hythe, nor the comfortable roast beef of the Red Lion. But the Artists did splendid work, and were out some ten hours, and not one of them fell out, not even the Wellington, Highbury, and Highgate School cadets temporarily attached to the regiment. Indeed, this is a tale that may be told of the whole campaign, so that Surgeon-Captains Sleeman and Brooke found their duties pleasantly light.

Saturday.—What a day! A persistent hurricane, with a deluge of rain *obligato*. Yet the gallant Artists, nothing daunted, marched away before eight o'clock in the morning, up to Caesar's Camp, and beyond to positions between Uphill and Paddlesworth, there to join the line of outposts stretching some five miles across to Horton Park. It was dreary work, soaking for hours in the heavy rain, watching for an

enemy that was never seen; but it is satisfactory to know that the work was so well done it would have been difficult for any enemy to penetrate the lines. To make sure that they knew what they were doing, or expected to do, Colonel Barrington Campbell, commanding the brigade, would ride unexpectedly up to the outposts and technically catechise them. It was said that one sentry—a prosperous lawyer by profession—was so taken aback by the suddenness of the Colonel's interrogatories that he answered, "I object to this line of cross-examination." However, I cannot vouch for this. The fact is, I developed a theory on Saturday morning that the first duty of a war-correspondent is not to incapacitate himself by catching cold, therefore I postponed my departure to the front until the rain should abate, occupying the time meanwhile, with Quartermaster Wilson, in a thorough inspection of the men's quarters and their cooking and sleeping arrangements, and gaining a further insight into the very solid realities of Volunteer campaigning. They are certainly no feather-bed soldiers. When at length I braved the elements in pursuit of the field operations, I met the Artists returning home, soaked to the skin after many hours' exposure to gale and torrent, yet singing cheerily as they marched.

Sunday.—If you happen to be billeted with the Brigade Subaltern of the day, you need not expect any sleep after, say, five o'clock in the morning, no matter how many hours you may have stolen from the night in the genial talk of the mess-room. Lieutenant Brandon Thomas is perhaps at his best under these conditions; he is one of those large-souled, humorous creatures for whom every minute of the day has its obligation

to be *lived*, its appropriate story to be told, its sympathetic chord to be struck. From the sleepiest hour of the dawn he will extract the psychological moment for a good story or a strategical illustration, and, if you have any manhood in you, you *must* wake up, especially when the faithful Harvey, a wary old cavalry soldier, enters with his master's sword and accoutrements. But these are domestic details, so to speak. The Artists made a brave show at Church Parade, in their smart full uniforms, many be-medalled and decorated, and as they marched to church with their band they won much admiration.



THE CYCLISTS.



A HALT FOR REFRESHMENT.



LIEUTENANT BRANDON THOMAS AT THE FRONT.



COLONEL EDIS GIVING THE ORDERS OF THE DAY.

Photographs by W. G. Secretan.

Easter Monday.—A clear, bright morning. The *reveillé* was sounded at four o'clock. The Artists paraded at 6.30, and marched away at seven to Postling Woods, as part of the defending force supposed to have come from Canterbury to oppose the advance of an invading army which had landed at Folkestone. The attack was so smartly and successfully made that the artillery duel around Tolsford Hill had come to an end, the enemy's flank had been turned, and the Artists had made their victorious charge, before I came up with the regiment. It was in Beachborough Park that the "Cease firing" sounded and the battle came to an end, General Wood and the other umpires deciding that the enemy had been defeated—a comforting decision. Thereafter the various regiments assembled and marched to Dibgate, where a convenient plain had been selected for the march past. Here there was a regular Easter Monday crowd, and the drags and vehicles of all descriptions suggested a racecourse. The march past was pretty and interesting, and admirably as Lord Albemarle's Civil Service, Sir Howard Vincent's Queen's Westminsters, and Colonel Balfour's London Scottish went by, there can be no doubt that the marching of the Artists bore the palm. "This is the best regiment we've seen to-day," said a critical officer of the Queen's Bays standing near me. "Gawd! They're like a battalion of the Guards," said a be-medalled veteran from Shorncliffe Camp. Naturally, Colonel Edis looked as pleased as Punch, for he knew that behind him marched a regiment of Volunteers that any country might be proud to possess. The Artists do not bear their motto *Cum Marte Minerva* in vain. Immediately after the march past the regiment returned to its quarters in Folkestone; then there was the early dinner of the men, and then the packing of kit-bags, and then the return home by the special train—all in the cheeriest spirits and the best of health.

M. C. S.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

ATHLETICS.

Following the Inter-'Varsity Sports comes the Annual Athletic Competition of our Public Schools. Doubtless every "Fellow" thinks his own makes as good a show as any. Certainly Berkhamstead (which dates from 1540) is not behind in the race, with its Volunteer cadets, two hundred strong, at Aldershot, a rifle eight at Bisley, several football and cricket elevens, and public gymnastic displays, while under the energetic sway of the Rev. T. C. Fry, D.D., new school buildings, including a swimming-bath and school chapel (the latter containing a painting by Murillo, presented by Mr. Humphry Ward), have been erected at a cost of fifteen thousand pounds. The sports were held in the ancient Castle grounds, an ideal place for such an event.

From time to time efforts have been made to popularise the game of



THE START FOR THE MILE AT BERKHAMSTEAD.

and precise. The resultant shot at goal is not so much a shot as a flick-in from first home. The centre man, McLean, shows extremely good form. The Crescent made their introduction to this country in opposition to West London at Wood Green. It may be pointed out, as showing the development of lacrosse in this country, that in 1883 Canada beat the United Kingdom by 12 to 1, and Ireland by 5 to 2. In 1884 the United Kingdom beat America by 5 to 3, America beat England by 2 to 0, beat the South of England by 7 to 0, beat Ireland by 3 to 2, beat the North of England by 5 to 0, and drew with Middlesex 0-0. Then in 1888 Toronto defeated London, Liverpool, Essex, Cambridge, Manchester, and Belfast. The Crescent Lacrosse Club of Brooklyn have made this visit to England with the sole idea of promoting the game, and not for gate-money purposes.



THE TUG-OF-WAR.

lacrosse in this country. For various reasons, however, the masses have not seen their way to taking up the pastime, which is confined to certain districts. The visit of the Crescent Club of Brooklyn has decidedly given a fillip to lacrosse in this country, the more as the Americans have not had things all their own way. London beat them by 4 to 1, and as the Americans drew with Manchester it was considered likely that the South would beat the North in the annual match. The fact that they did not is proof of the variability of the Americans, who, at their best, play a very fine game. Their match with Surrey at the Crystal Palace this afternoon should cause a great deal of interest. It may be remembered that the Crescent team opened in the North, when they fell very badly indeed before South Manchester, and only beat Cheetham and Albert Park by the narrow majority of one goal in each case. The chief fault about the Americans is probably their shooting, which is consistently inaccurate. The men use very baggy crosses, but without cross-strings, and, owing to this, they scarcely ever miss a catch. They counterbalance most of their faults by the subtlety of their combination, the short passing being singularly neat

in the same covert has come to the front with the advance of spring, the season at which the gamekeeper is least tolerant of the fox. Vixens now have young families to provide for, and the keeper avers that the



THE START FOR THE QUARTER-MILE.

sacred bird sitting on its nest of dead leaves in the oak clump or under the rhododendrons is doomed if the litter in the earth five hundred yards away be not exterminated. Inasmuch as the subject is one on which men are never likely to agree, it seems hardly worth quoting evidence in favour of one view or the other; a friend who has been hunting in Yorkshire this season tells me that on one of the last days with Lord Galway's hounds they found in and had a run from a wood in which last spring eight litters of foxes were raised, and in which during the winter 950 brace of pheasants were shot. The truth, in my belief, is that fox diet is regulated by opportunity. The fox prefers a rabbit to anything you can set before him, and where there are plenty of rabbits the sitting pheasant is unlikely to be victimised. It is not generally known that pheasants and other birds which are betrayed to their foes by scent cease to give off that scent during the breeding season, whereby the fox may walk almost over the sitting hen without discovering her.



DISTRIBUTING THE PRIZES.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Great Berkhamstead.

GOLF.

The first competition for the Midland Counties Ladies' Golf Championship will be played to-morrow on the links of the King's Norton Golf Club. The ladies' secretary there took the initiative in the matter by convening a general meeting of the secretaries of the various ladies' golf clubs in the Midlands. It was deemed advisable to restrict the competition to members of clubs situate in Warwickshire, Worcestershire, or Staffordshire, it being feared that, if thrown open to the forty or more ladies' clubs in the Midlands proper, either the links would be unduly crowded or the meeting must be prolonged to an extent that would be very inconvenient to players from a distance. It is thought that at least twelve clubs will send teams (each to number three, as do those in the Midland Counties Gentlemen's Golf Championship Competition), their entrance-fees, half-a-guinea each club, to defray the cost of the Challenge Cup, which will be held for a year by the club whose team returns the best aggregate score.

Golf has not spread so freely in Ireland as in Great Britain. The wearing of the red jacket may be considered inconsistent with the wearing of the green. Has not the game become intimately associated with the personality of Mr. Arthur Balfour, that arch representative of British ascendancy? Irishmen might accept light railways at his hand, but he could not induce them all to play golf. Nor has his brother "killed Home Rule" with the sport. In the North of Ireland, however, golf has a strong hold. There are some admirable greens in Ulster, with capital turf and capital scenery, where many Englishmen and not a few Scotsmen spend a pleasant holiday in the pursuit of their favourite pastime. Irish ladies, too, have shown skill in the

Prize at Kempton Park saw two Irish-bred horses first and second; and here again the winner was a hot favourite. This list of victories would be enough to send Paddy into ecstasies, but the fact that they were all well-backed public candidates must be an additional source of gratification. The "Irish-bred and English-trained" theory held by many will be strengthened by the running noted above, and the value of blood-stock in the distressful country will not suffer. Then there were Manifesto in the Grand National and Knight of Rhodes in the Lancashire Steeplechase, and both these horses were in most demand in the market.

The isolated efforts to establish long-distance races are meritorious, but in the result they look ridiculous. It is a matter for regret that owners will not support them. The failure of the Harewood Handicap at Kempton led me to look at what the controlling power of racing, the Jockey Club, did last year at Newmarket. Altogether, there were 198 races. Of these but 75 were run over seven furlongs or more, and the fields dwindled beautifully in proportion as the distance lengthened, with the single exception of the Cesarewitch. On the other hand, the remaining 123 races were five- and six-furlong scrambles, and no fewer than 31 of them were handicaps for which in the main large fields went to the post. This, then, is what the Jockey Club did in 1896. It is about what they do every year, and the discussion that was rife a little while ago has not induced them to lessen the number of their sprints. With this lead, small wonder that others copy, and that owners will not look at long-distance races.

The City and Suburban will this year quite maintain its place in the public estimate as one of the most interesting events of the year. Tips have been as plentiful as blackberries, and until the winning



PLAYERS AT THE DOLLYMOUNT GOLF TOURNAMENT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

game. How charming they look on the green everyone knows, and how well some of them play was seen at the recent tournament on the links of the Royal Dublin Golf Club at Dollymount. Their truly sporting spirit was tested by the weather, but neither the keen wind nor the rain could abate the ladies' rivalry. In 1894 the cup was won by Miss Mulligan, of the Royal Belfast Club, and in 1895 by Miss Cox, of the Royal Portrush, who last year was defeated by Miss Marie Tyrell. This year, in the semi-final round, Miss N. Graham and Miss Magill, both of the County Down Club, beat Miss Cox and another Portrush player, Mrs. Hazlett. In the final round, Miss Graham, defeating Miss Magill, proved herself the Lady Champion of All Ireland.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Lord Durham, as I have hinted many times before, is a genuine reformer in racing matters, and his election as a Steward of the Jockey Club has been welcomed by those having the best interests of the Turf at heart. His lordship is no mere show member of the Club when in office, as he regularly follows the meetings, and he does not go about with his eyes shut. Now that the betting troubles have arisen, his lordship will, no doubt, suggest some way of having the question fought out once and for all, and I hope he will show the Jockey Club the advisability of acknowledging that the Turf Senate does take notice of betting.

A glance at the results of the principal handicaps that have been decided this season should send an Irishman wild with delight. The first, third, fourth, and fifth in the Lincoln Handicap were bred in the Emerald Isle, and the winner was the favourite. The first and third in the Liverpool Spring Cup were also bred in Ireland, and again the winner was the favourite, coupled with another. Then in the Doveridge Handicap, at Derby, an Irish horse was a very hot favourite, and won without an effort. Nor was this the end of the series, for the Queen's

number has gone up opinions will continue to differ as to the probable result. Teufel and Earwig both performed fairly well in last year's Derby, when they had a couple of smashers in front of them. I should much like to see Mr. Strauss's horse win, but I hardly think him quite good enough to beat Quarrel, who may just get home, despite his welter weight.

It is very difficult just now to guess the name of any horse that is likely to lower the colours of Bridegroom in the Jubilee Stakes, although Sam Darling thinks Kilecock will do so. The latter ran well under a big weight in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, but, taking the line through Clorane, I cannot see that he has any chance to beat Mr. Calvert's horse. I am told that the Jubilee meeting at Kempton this year will be a very big function, as many foreigners are expected to be present.

Two crack jockeys have just celebrated their birthdays. The elder of these is Seth Chandley, and no one looking at him riding in a race would think he was thirty-two years of age. One gentleman, a few days ago, remarked to a friend, as he was watching Seth ride, "That youngster shapes well." The youngster is a married man, and yet can ride under seven stone. He was not in form all last year, but has commenced well this season. Chandley is an enthusiastic coursing man, and ran a dog in the last Waterloo Cup. The other jockey—R. W. Colling—is one of the few artists of the saddle performing in this country. He rides almost exclusively for the L'Anson and the Exton Stable, but a lack of that regular practice that other jockeys get does not affect his brilliance.

The newest recruit to the ranks of gentlemen riders, M. J. Lebaudy, is a nice-looking young fellow, and he has a capital seat in the saddle, which betrays good military training. M. J. Lebaudy will, I am told, go in largely for racing in this country. Mr. Randall, who has received permission to ride against professional jockeys, is a son of the present Mayor of Northampton. Mr. Randall the younger has, I am told, been passionately fond of horses from his boyhood. He rides well in gallops,

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

The imaginative youth who declared that so many slippers were thrown upon the occasion of his wedding "that the sun became obscured," and the equally mendacious individual who tells us that his preserves are so packed with pheasants "that during a 'big shoot' the birds make such a 'whirr' that you cannot hear your gun go off," are completely outclassed by the local reporter who wrote last week in a Devonshire newspaper that in a specified part of South Devon "the bicycles on Bank

It would, in my opinion, be more to the point if, putting aside Jubilee commemoration, the various wheeling clubs of the country were to memorialise the local Councils to take this matter up; the charge upon the rates would be trifling, but the convenience to the general public would be great.

"Sketches Awheel in Fin-de-Siècle Iberia" is the title of a book written by Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman, M.A., M.D., and published by Fisher Unwin. The authors mention in the preface that "riding was only a means to an end"; consequently, in the volume under notice, the bicycle is referred to only now and again. Not being pressed for time nor anxious to establish a record, nor yet desirous of indulging in the odious practice called "road-scorching," they carried some twelve to twenty pounds of luggage, and travelled, on an average, only about seventy-five kilometres a-day. Many of the roads in Spain were execrable, and the cyclists were occasionally forced to push their machines for hours at a time. In several villages they were pelted with stones by the children, but, after the manner of Don Quixote, they "heeded not such ribald youth and jesters." In Jijona they experienced some annoyance—

During the night we were dimly conscious in our sleep of a tremendous uproar as of a mob, in the midst of which the word "bicicletas" was repeatedly heard. We had left our bicycles, as we supposed, securely locked up in the entrance-room, having been assured no one would touch them, so the noise did not cause anxiety enough to fully awaken us. When we came to put the luggage on in the morning, one of the handle-bars was found twisted around, and the brake damaged. The cause of the tumult was now evident. A number of the townspeople had been admitted to view these curiosities, the like of which had probably never been seen in Jijona before, and in the consequent excitement they had tried to mount them, with the result described.

For the rest, the book contains a large amount of information about Spain. Where the information is trustworthy it is interesting. The volume is supplied with an excellent map likely to be of great use to cyclists who contemplate making a similar tour in Spain.

It is amusing to hear of cycle races in the Hawaiian Islands; but, apparently, some very exciting races of the sort have taken place in that remote part of the world, so even the Islands of the Pacific are not exempt from the bicycle-fever. I understand that the Wanderers' Cycling Club in Johannesburg is giving as a prize a very beautiful cup worth a hundred guineas. South Africa apparently encourages cycle-racing.



CYCLE ROW IN HYDE PARK.

Photo by the Standard Photographic Company.

Holiday made such a buzz (what excellent alliteration!) as to prevent their riders from interchanging audible remarks"! Many of us have seen a bicycle "skid," but did you ever hear a bicycle "buzz"?

Persons interested in babies and their development—and the name of persons nowadays so interested is legion—should meander up Baker Street on some fine afternoon, and, upon reaching Messrs. Vigor's Bicycle and Baby Depot—I mean Baby-Carriage Depot—ask to be shown the large stock of new baby-carriages—in my young days they were called perambulators—now on view there. Certainly it is the finest stock to be seen anywhere in or out of London, and the cost of these carriages, all things considered, is moderate. Babies are proverbially tiresome little things, never content with what they have, and always clamouring for things unobtainable; but any infant so irrational as to indulge in tantrums after enjoying the luxury of a spin in a Vigor baby-carriage should be publicly flogged.

I have seen a suggestion that cyclists should commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's reign by bearing the expense of overhauling—and, where necessary, renewing—the finger-posts and milestones of England. The suggestion is certainly a practical though somewhat a selfish one on the part of the cyclists, and it fails in the essential purpose of a memorial, which is to perpetuate or keep in memory some person or event. The finger-posts and milestones would not form a sufficiently lasting memorial, for time and weather would too quickly obliterate their records, and it is too much to expect them to last until the next Royal Jubilee! Moreover, though the proposal would directly benefit the cycling fraternity, even the minority who still go afoot would also be benefited, and I fail to see why cyclists should take upon themselves an expense which ought certainly to be borne by the County Councils.



IN HYDE PARK.

Photo by the Standard Photographic Company.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FINE FEATHERS.

With Easter left well in the background, the Season looms every day larger and still more large. Fixtures of gaieties increase apace, and people are swooping down on town in relatively greater hosts than the locusts of Argentina. Among many houses that are about to change occupants temporarily is Mr. Grenfell's lovely place at Maidenhead, which is to be suitably rearranged for the reception of its royal visitant. The King of Siam's yacht, in which that monarch recently embarked for Europe, is a magnificent vessel, and outdistances even the transatlantic floating palaces in magnificence. The Queen's state-room, fitted and panelled with inlaid satin-wood, and hung with silks in pale tints that harmonise with charming effect, is the only light-coloured room in the vessel. Those rooms set apart for the King's use are draped in rich old-gold brocade, and furnished in such contrasting tones as kingwood, cedar, and other rare dark-hued woods would give. A very delightful fine-weather lounge has been arranged on the promenade-deck. It is built circus fashion, luxuriously cushioned, and covered by a waterproof silk awning. The Queen of Siam wears wonderful jewels, and always has her dresses in the latest mode from the Rue de la Paix direct. I hear that a grand garden-party at Taplow is on the list of future festivities, by the way.

Talking of gowns, I am reminded of some unique combinations in silk and lace which were shown me at Kate Reily's, of Dover Street, this week. As usual, a visit to that famous establishment is a liberal education in the fine art of fashion, and the good taste which always characterises its extremest modes is plentifully apparent in the never-ending array of beautiful garments which fascinate and bewilder one at 11, Dover Street. As an illustration of Madame Kate Reily's manner I have selected a pink-and-white sun-pleated foulard. Both this style and material will play leading parts in the Season's roll-call of vanities. Insertions of pale-yellow mousseline-de-soie bordered with Valenciennes



[Copyright.]

PINK-AND-WHITE SUN-PLEATED FOULARD AT KATE REILY'S.

to match appear on skirt and blouse-shaped bodice; the sleeves, quite tight, are arranged *en papillon* at shoulders. For garden-party or Park this simple but charming little frock would make a most effective appearance. Another and a more elaborate arrangement in the now very favourite crêpe de Chine was made in a soft, delicate dove-grey,

the neck and waistband tied with shaded turquoise ribbon, while a ray-like design formed of sequins in the same shade glittered seductively with every movement of the wearer. Revers and cuff-trimmings of real lace gave an added distinction to this very beautiful gown. Madame Reily had made one in black somewhat on the same lines. I can also imagine this gown rendered in cherry-colour for afternoon indoor wear as being entirely successful. The paillettes might be black or to match as in the original. Cornflower-colour in its pale mauve-blue tones is laid down as one of the hues we shall indulge in later on. Several examples of the shade, glorious in printed foulard and embroideries, were numbered among the gala gowns at Dover Street. One with a vest and pointed yoke of accordion-pleated lisse and handsome guipure embroideries on skirt and bodice was very *chic*. Cashmere, which has so long been an unconsidered quantity, speaking from the



[Copyright.]

A TASTEFUL HAT AT KATE REILY'S.

modish point of view, once again revisits glimpses of the moon, and a lovely representative of its re-embodied form was shown me in beige-colour, with chevrons of white cashmere appliqué on bodice and skirt, which is now, from the ornamental standpoint, a partaker in all the eccentricities of the bodice.

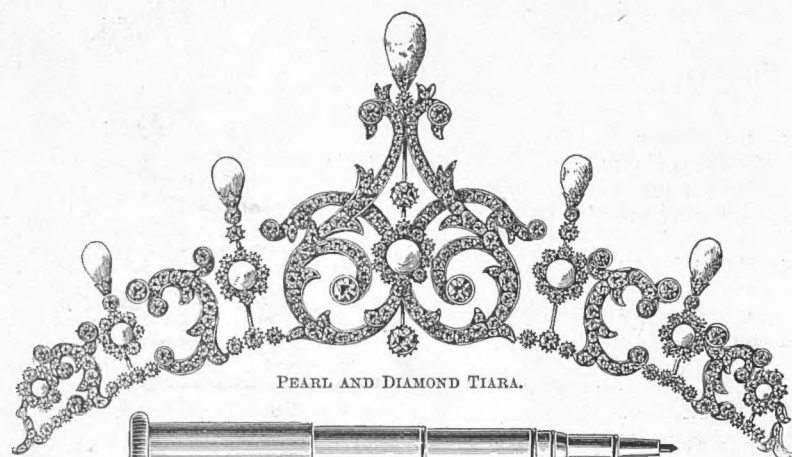
A group of hats, which, neither flamboyant nor funereal, strike the happy medium of perfect taste, is noticeably evident in the *salon* devoted to these alluring vanities at Kate Reily's. One, with a quaint jelly-bag crown, was trimmed with rouleaux and rosettes of crêpe, while a tuft of three thick nodding ostrich-plumes adorned the left side. This hat struck a single note of brilliant rose-pink. There was not a touch of another colour; even the *cache-peigne* was in pink crêpe, and a more charming little chapeau it would be difficult to discover. That which I have illustrated is "done" in one shade of vivid emerald, with a fan of couteau-feathers set in a soft rosette of black ostrich feather, uncurled. Two twisted rolls of green mousseline-de-soie, veiled in tulle to match, surround the crown, while a little *cache-peigne* of black ribbon-velvet points to the self-evident fact that this dainty capote is suited to the needs of blonde beauty more than any other.

In view of forthcoming joyful celebrations at home, one would willingly forget this unfortunate passage-at-arms which has arisen between Turk and Christian beyond the seas did not even the organ-grinders arise to remind one of its actuality. In reference, no doubt, to present events, I have been haunted for the past day or two by the "Sultan's Polka" ground out in every key and in all possible discords. If for no other reason than this, peace or arbitration of sorts is more than ever desirable. Abdul Hamid in Constantinople may or may not be matter in the wrong place, but the "Sultan's Polka" in a London square does not even require the aggravating circumstance of writing against time to make it altogether deplorable and deranging.

There is a diverting story told of a fair and frivolous widow who, in once endeavouring to draw Huxley into the by-paths of flirtation at a big dinner-party, unconsciously confided to the great man her detestation and dread of science and scientific people generally. "When science becomes a satisfactory toilet accessory," confided this bewildering and inconsequent creature, "I will cultivate it, but not before," and what the stern materialist responded history does not relate. The widow's random remark is likely to become the forerunner of fact, however, and women will not be uninterested to learn that the untoward growth of hair against which so many so-called depilatories have long waged unsuccessful war succumbs root and branch to the application of the Röntgen rays. When this discovery is perfected and quite domesticated, so to speak, it will indeed effect a revolution in the toilet-table.

Peacocks' feathers are being much worn in Paris on those jaunty inroyable toques which are so favourite and favouring to all casts of countenance. Once upon a time the iridescent peacock-feather was taboo with many on account of the supposed ill-luck which followed its fortunes. Now, however, we have outgrown these poetic weaknesses, and, from making the thirteenth at a dinner-party to wearing

the fashionable and fascinating opal, it is apparent that old wives' tales have given way to young wives' severely practical common sense. Apropos, quite the most modish jewels of the present season are opals and diamonds in combination. And an example is illustrated, which is at present to be seen at the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company in Regent Street, where a specially magnificent collection of jewels is at the moment on view. The diamonds composing this gracefully designed necklace are of the first water, and each opal is perfect in form and colour. As bodice ornaments nothing can be more *chic* (since imitation is not possible) than the many-coloured matrix opal. Employed as butterfly-wings, with head and body of the insect carried out in diamonds, two specimens which are to be seen at the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company are things of beauty indeed. A flexible bracelet,



PEARL AND DIAMOND TIARA.

NEWLY INVENTED SPRING BANGLE PENCIL: OPEN.



NEWLY INVENTED SPRING BANGLE PENCIL: SHUT.

OPALS AND DIAMONDS.



CLOAK CLASP OF TURQUOISE AND DIAMONDS.

NOVELTIES AT THE GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY.

entirely composed of small brilliants set in gold, is another of their charming toys. But the great novelty, which admirably combines use with ornament, is the new gold bangle-pencil, which is not the mere *façon de parler* that picturesque pencil-cases usually are, but a trusty version of the same which may be relied on as everlastingly serviceable, while making at the same time a pretty trifle with which to embellish bangle or chatelaine. It should be added that the pencil opens easily and closes with a spring, so that it is on all accounts a contrivance to desire and possess if possible. Some are made quite plain, as shown in drawing. Others again are set with various jewels *en cabochon* or cut, while the most elaborate are thickly encrusted with diamonds, rubies, or opals respectively, and are suspended from bangles made to match. The Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, justly famous for the production of exclusive and beautiful designs, employ only the most highly skilled lapidaries, whose knowledge of this ancient art is necessarily so extensive that they

are enabled to accurately reproduce copies of the best styles in old English, French, or Oriental jewellery. As a case in point, I may mention one particularly attractive necklace formed in three rows of small pearls, with a long cluster or clasp of fine diamonds in front, from which depends one large and perfect pearl. Another specimen, this time a brooch, repeats the antique circular shape. A magnificent ruby, which forms its centre, is surrounded by a lace-like pattern, wrought in tiny brilliants set in gold, while the outer rim is composed of large, glittering brilliants. A possession this to be sighed for, truly!

Now that we are wearing our hair in piled-up knots and loops on the top once more, diamond arrows and ornamental hair-pins are again in appropriate requisition, and a most engaging example of the former was shown me at the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, with diamonds and turquoises in harmonious combination; the sheath entirely of diamonds. This tiara, which is reproduced here in little, is a magnificent arrangement of diamonds and large pearls; its lofty shape, an especially becoming one, is very similar to one made for Princess Hélène d'Orléans on her marriage. Next did my wandering and expensively inclined fancy alight on a long rope of lustrous, shimmering pearls, the sizes of which gradually increased towards the middle, where a large and perfect gem formed the central point in a most attractive chain of circumstances. Diamonds and turquoises blend so delightfully together that one's admiration is foregone for a necklet in which the blue stone, surrounded by circlets of brilliants, forms a series of sparkling medallions. There was also a cloak-clasp in the same duet of jewels which it was impossible to resist sketching for the appreciative regards of other people. Among brooches a fat and exceedingly prosperous-looking bumble-bee revelled in gold legs and a diamond body, his beauty-spots being carried out to admiration in opals of ever-changing brilliancy. Again, a simple but exceedingly lovely rosary necklace, made of perfectly circular opals in graduated sizes, each one separated by a wheel-shaped white sapphire, struck me as a very appropriate ornament for the round neck of young beauty. It is, in fact, exceedingly difficult to particularise where all is attractive, for the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' display of jewels and jewellery has never been more varied and magnificent than at the present time. Many of their superb specimens, which I have not had space to quote, will, no doubt, change owners during the coming Season, when strangers visiting town will bring away with them, when leaving it, souvenirs of the most memorable year in the memorable history of London.

Parasols, I find, while growing notably simpler on the outside, betray a tendency to aggrandisement on the handle, and among smart women it has become the thing to possess at least one parapluie which shall boast jewels more or less on its stick of finely lacquered cherry- or violet-wood. A plain white gros-grain, with edges overlaid in three insertions of real lace, has, for instance, a gold cat's head with opal eyes crowning its white enamelled handle. Another, of cherry-coloured *moiré* embroidered in fine beads of darker shade, owns an ebony handle, in which cabochon topaz are set with excellent effect.

Now a word about hats, which are betraying many fresh eccentricities as the weeks go on, one of which is the introduction of feathers, and these, whether of the ostrich-plume, osprey, or couteau type like those quills illustrated in Madame Kate Reily's model, are used, together with flowers and ribbons, by many of the first French milliners, so that the fashionable hat becomes more than ever an *olla podrida*, outpacing even previous seasons' records in eccentricity. To give an idea, one very up-to-date chapeau, which only want of space prevents me from reproducing, has a turned-up brim of cornflower-blue frilled taffetas. The crown, daintily frilled and draped, of the same silk under a cloudy covering of tulle, has three couteau or knife-shaped feathers in graduated shades of mauve and violet, while an immense tuft of exquisitely natural-looking lilac and foliage is further flanked by bows and *cache-peigne* of shot blue and mauve ribbon-velvet. Every shade of rose-pink, ruby, and crimson appears separately or together on representative Parisian headgear of the moment, and a particularly pretty version of the biretta toque has been sent over to a friend under the agreeable disguise of a *poisson d'Avril*. Rosettes of deep rose-pink mousseline-de-soie form the base of a black brush osprey, while a half-garland of black satin roses gives that tilt at the left side which renders a biretta hat so infinitely becoming. As warmer weather approaches we shall have hats made entirely of tulle, the favourite shades being mauve and cherry-colour. An effort is also being made to introduce gloves of similarly *voyant* colour; but it is to be hoped that good taste will prevail against such vagaries. Pale-blue, mauve, pink, or red gloves are a distinct solecism against all the canons of art, and they are, beyond doubt, extremely unbecoming to feminine extremities. Silk stockings are privileged in such matters of the rainbow, but gloves are only acceptable to the really well-dressed in black, white, and neutral colours.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DOUBTFUL.—(1) Bird of Paradise feathers are still fashionable, although they have never been much in vogue at this side of the Channel. (2) There is an old-furniture shop in Brompton Road where you can get the Dutch brass-work applied on copper. I cannot tell you the name, but you can easily find it. (3) You probably mean a Roubaix tapestry, much resembling saddle-bag. Maple's would get it for you. (4) Twenty guineas is by no means an extravagant price, if it is a good brocade; being white, I should have it lined with the same colour.

MARQUITA.—(1) Yes, the hair is worn quite high, and not too much fringe. (2) For a summer cycling-gown get one of Messrs. Barker and Moody's unshrinkable flannels. They are to be had in lovely shades. SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on May 11.

MONEY MARKET.

No alteration having been made by the directors of the Bank of England in the official rate of discount, it remains at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The weekly return shows a substantial increase in the Government balances, Public Deposits having advanced as much as £712,000. The coin and bullion stock has been decreased by £106,000, while the note circulation has been reduced by £549,000. Holiday requirements explain the decrease in the coin and bullion stock. The Reserve shows an increase of £443,000, and the ratio to liabilities is 51 per cent., against $50\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. in the previous week.

HOME RAILS.

The Home Railway Market responded last week to the highly satisfactory traffic returns, and some of the quotations were substantially higher. The increase in the Midland traffic for the week was as much as £27,251, while the North-Eastern was even better than this at £31,750. The Great Western and North-Western were better by £10,760 and £6973 respectively. In Scotch Railways there is a firmer tendency in prices, but they have yet a considerable amount of leeway to make up before they attain the level at which they stood a month or two ago. Traffic comparisons just at present are, however, rather at sixes and sevens owing to the differing incidence of the Easter Holidays in the two years. But, with all due allowance for this, the returns are very satisfactory indeed, and the more so in view of the bad weather during this year's holidays.

MARKETS AND THE WAR.

The London Stock Exchange and the Continental Bourses have taken very quietly the outbreak of war between Turkey and Greece. It occurred during the holidays, but does not appear to have spoiled anybody's enjoyment particularly. In Turks and Greeks there was a "bear" account to some extent arising from the confident belief that it was only a question of time as to a declaration of war by one side or the other. It devolved upon Turkey to take the initiative from the diplomatic point of view, and, at the time of writing, the war is raging merrily. In spite of the more or less veracious accounts supplied by news agencies and special correspondents with the rival armies, nobody seriously contemplates an ultimate success for Greece, unaided. And at present the opinion of financiers is that the two will be allowed to settle their own quarrel by force of arms, and that neither of the combatants will be allowed to reap any material advantage of victory, except, possibly, by way of a war indemnity. There will not be allowed any tampering with the special hypothecation of the Turkish revenues under the control of the Conseil d'Administration; and Greece is already a hardened defaulter. The "bears" have been waiting for the actual outbreak of war before closing their commitments; and, as a natural consequence, the occurrence of that event did not lead to any collapse. On the contrary, repurchases on speculative account have rather tended to steady quotations.

AUSTRALIAN JOINT-STOCK BANK.

We are glad to notice in the daily Press such a consensus of opinion condemnatory of the proposals of the Australian Joint-Stock Bank for a further reduction of interest and postponement of payment of the principal of its deposits. There are committees which give their assent to the scheme, but who appointed them? Among the members are a number of gentlemen of high standing, whose names will doubtless carry weight and be successful in rushing the scheme through. Their recommendation of it is very half-hearted, but they practically leave the British depositors impotent. The bank has its domicile in New South Wales, and it is pointed out, as an ostensible proof of the popularity of the bank in the Colonies, that the majority of the fixed deposits are held in Australia. Therefore the control is there, and, even if the meeting on May 4 should decide to repudiate the scheme, the protest would be nothing more than a *brutum fulmen*. When the scheme of the Commercial Bank of Australia was put forward some months ago, there was very much in evidence a Committee of London Depositors, which carried the matter into Court, and the action was finally settled, for the sake of peace and quietness, by the payment of costs and £100 for expenses. We thought very little of that committee at the time, and we think less of it now, seeing that it is not taking up the cause of the British creditors of the Australian Joint-Stock Bank. All the old grievances recur, including the prominence given to the assent of self-elected committees, comprising names which appeared in the earlier case. If it is not too late, we would suggest to the committee, of which Mr. James Webster is, or was, chairman, that the case of the Australian Joint-Stock Bank is one which calls for the exercise of its best energies in defence of the interests of British depositors.

FAR-EASTERN AFFAIRS.

Mr. Gwyther presented rather a doleful picture of the situation to the shareholders of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China at the meeting last week. He said he had been charged with undue pessimism in his remarks at the previous meeting, and he was afraid that the same reproach would attach to his remarks on the present occasion. Then he went on to enumerate a few of the adverse influences at present

operative. It was not a cheerful catalogue: the war between Turkey and Greece, famine and pestilence in Asia, hostile tariffs in America, the adoption of a gold standard by Japan, the restriction of Lancashire exports by a falling exchange in China, and the increase of the burden of the Chinese Debt owing to the depreciation of silver—all these factors would naturally tend to the detriment of Eastern trade so far as that is represented by exchange business. Regarding India, in particular, there had to be specially considered the famine and the bubonic plague. "Business at Bombay," said Mr. Gwyther, "had been well-nigh at a standstill, owing to the plague, and I think our thanks are due to the European staff of the bank there for the plucky manner in which they have stuck to their posts." And so say all of us.

JOINT-STOCK JUBILATION.

We hardly know what to say about the various companies issuing prospectuses to obtain capital for the purpose of buying seats to view the Procession on June 22. If we could treat them as practical jokes we should be glad to do so; but if the intention is not humorous, the law of libel interposes difficulties in the way of our speaking our mind freely. We have lost count of the number of prospectuses which have come under our notice of companies formed to trade upon the natural desire of her Majesty's loyal subjects to be witnesses of the Procession, but we commend to the consideration of our readers the following very much abridged prospectus—

THE JUBILATION (DIAMOND) SYNDICATE, LIMITED.

Capital £30,000 in 30,000 Shares of £1 each.

The object of the Company is to acquire certain seats on the route of the Diamond Jubilee Procession, which have been acquired by the Vendors.

The Directors intend to take out at Lloyd's a policy on the life of the Queen, so that there is no possibility of loss.

The Board reserves the right of making preferential allotments to applicants from Hanwell, Colney Hatch, Earlswood, and other lunatic and idiot asylums.

Various contracts have been entered into, but applicants for Shares will not be allowed to inspect these contracts at the offices of the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors of the Company.

WEST AUSTRALIAN TRADING.

The collapse of the Goodman Company has opened the way for a stronger concern, which, we hear, is shortly coming out under the auspices of sound business men, who understand the work—one at least of whom is credited with some of the great success attending the Army and Navy Co-operative Society. In half-civilised gold-mining districts the safest gold-mine is a good store.

DULL TIMES IN THE "HOUSE."

On the Stock Exchange there is great interest felt and shown as to the probable outcome of the present complications, political and financial. But that interest is not taking the form of business, and we hear of more than one case where members have found themselves obliged to reduce their staffs on account of the contraction of business. It is not a pleasant job for the principal to dismiss an employé when there is no fault to find with him, and it is still less pleasant for the clerk. But in dull times like the present sentiment does not find much place in the minds of the members of the "House."

INDUSTRIAL AND GENERAL TRUST.

Our congratulations are due to the Board of the Industrial and General Trust on the report which they have been able to submit to the shareholders for the financial year to March 31st last. The directors have been working very hard to retrieve the position, and have been remarkably successful in their efforts. Rome was not built in a day, and no Winchester House company is put on a sound basis without arduous and prolonged labour. The Industrial and General Trust has materially improved its list of investments as compared with a year ago, and yet has made a large income allowing of the payment of 5 per cent. for the year on the unified stock. This absorbs £47,125 only, but the total available profits amounted to £93,293; and, apart from the dividends referred to, there has been carried £20,000 to the reduction of the debenture stock rebate and expenses account; £10,000 to writing off the balance of the accrued interest account; £12,047 to increasing the reserve fund to £25,000; and £4121 to be carried forward to the current financial year. To achieve this satisfactory result must have entailed a very great amount of work on the directors—work which nobody will envy them. Even now their labours are far from completed. Though their list of investments and the general position of the company show a very marked improvement, there are still in the basket a fine lot of dubious eggs left to cook. The report is a model of candour, and the directors are clearly working not only with energy, but with conspicuous ability, to extricate the trust from the disastrous position into which it had got under the old régime.

MEXICAN RAILS.

Once upon a time there was an active market in Mexican Railway stocks, and once upon a time the First Preference used to get its full dividend of 8 per cent. But *nous avons changé tout cela*, and the holders of the stock were agreeably surprised by the announcement of a dividend at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum for the half-year to Dec. 31 last,

making $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the complete year on the Eight per Cent. First Preference! The result in this case, and in previous years, is most deplorable; but it is satisfactory, by way of a change, to be able to absolve the Board from responsibility. Their policy has always been to take their shareholders and the public as fully as possible into their confidence, and not to mislead them by misplaced optimism. The Mexican Railway Company has, beyond all question, the best-equipped line in Mexico, and by far the shortest route to Mexico City from the seaboard—as compared with the American lines. But the competition between the American and British-owned railways is very keen and bitter. They pool the traffic from time to time; but as soon as one of the rivals shows signs of prosperity it becomes a point of honour with the others to put a spoke in its wheel. There is a renewed pooling agreement now in working order, and the American companies can hardly regard as excessive in the way of prosperity the payment of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum on a First Preference stock supposed to get 8 per cent. So matters may go smoothly for a time. But if business were to improve, we imagine that Mexican railway history would repeat itself.

JAPAN AND THE GOLD STANDARD.

It is not, we think, properly appreciated what is meant by the adoption in Japan of gold as the standard of currency. It leaves the world with practically only two silver-using countries—or rather, countries in which silver is the monetary standard—China and Mexico. The difficulty about gold is that there is not enough of it readily available to supply currency for the gold-using countries, and every addition to the list of these makes the scarcity more pronounced. Japan, the latest recruit, will disorganise the metallic circulation very considerably, and her conversion to a gold standard will involve a quite new feature in exchange with the East, which has hitherto been, in effect, gold *versus* silver.

MOTHER SEIGEL, LIMITED.

The auditor of A. J. White, Limited, is able to certify that the profits which he arrives at are “after debiting and discharging every possible item which in my judgment could be charged against them.” This is satisfactory, because in a business which depends so largely on advertising the apportionment of such expenditure to revenue and capital respectively is of the most vital importance to investors invited to take a hand in the purchase of the business. The present offer is of 333,334 Six per Cent. Preference shares (preferential both as to capital and interest), and of a like number of ordinary shares at par. Both preference and ordinary shares are of £1 each. The total capital of the company is £1,000,000, and the vendors take one-third of each description of shares as part of the purchase consideration, that being the maximum proportion allowed by the rules of the London Stock Exchange. The auditor certifies that the business, since the formation of the vendor company in 1884, has been a steadily increasing one, and the average profits of the past four years have amounted (with somewhat needless precision) to £89,421 5s. 1½d. per annum. Leaving the odd halfpenny out of the question, it is good enough to have the assurance of Mr. Attree, as a chartered accountant, that the average profits are sufficient to pay 10 per cent. on the ordinary stock, leaving a balance equal to nearly 2 per cent. more to carry forward, including the halfpenny. The prospectus seems straightforward, and the shares a fair venture for the investor.

Saturday, April 24, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the “City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand.”

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CAUTION.—We advise you not to sell No. 1, but to get out of Nos. 3 and 4 if you can. No. 2 is not much known in this market.

PHOLAS.—No. 1 is redeemable in 1918—not 1819, as stated in your letter. It is a good stock, and we advise you to keep it. We think the price will go to 110 or 111. No. 2 is, of course, more speculative, but we think it good, and we should advise you to keep it. By No. 3 we presume you mean debentures of the London and Canadian Loan and Agency Company, Limited. We should think they were fairly safe; but they are not much dealt in on the London Market. We advise you to ask the opinion on them of Messrs. Bell, Cowan, and Co., Brokers, of Edinburgh, N.B. No. 4 is, in our opinion, more likely to increase than to decrease in market-value during the next few months. (Nos. 5 and 6.) You do not say whether you hold part of the £540,000 First Mortgage Bonds on the first hundred and eighty miles of the railway, or part of the £126,000 Five per Cent. Debenture stock secured on forty-two miles of the railway, or part of the £34,500 Shell River Branch Bonds secured on eleven and a-half miles, or part of the £37,200 Saskatchewan and Western Railway Bonds, or part of the ordinary share capital. Why do you not write to the Bondholders' Committee at 99, Gresham Street, London, E.C.? (No. 7.) If the lady only wants safety, Consols would suit her or Imperial Ottoman Four per Cent. Bonds (the interest on which is absolutely guaranteed by France and England until the Bonds are paid off), or the Three and a-Half per Cent. Debenture stock of the Industrial and General Trust, Limited.

AMATEUR.—As the bank always paid 7½ per cent. up to 1894—rather more, if we remember rightly, in 1893—and now only pays 4 per cent., the price has naturally come down. It is an old-established and respectable concern, but these old banks have to face more competition now than formerly, and it is hardly likely to go back to its old level unless it has exceptionally good fortune.

F. C. P.—(1) Reconstruction pending. Shares purchased now would, we consider, entitle you to an equal number of shares in the new company partly paid up. The machinery (boilers and stamps) are complete, or almost complete, but to effect this the company has had to borrow money, which must be repaid. We know of nothing behind. (2) We are not enamoured of the concern. How can it prosper unless it can float subsidiary companies, and how can it do this when the public will not subscribe for shares in new companies? (3) Our opinion

is unchanged, but the times have changed a good deal. They look cheap, though we think they have been considerably cheaper this year. Remember that all mines are speculations. (4) They ought not to be short of capital, but, according to our latest advices from the field, the bulk of the company's numerous claims are, so far, mighty short of gold.

PLUNGER.—(1) Are Frontino shares particularly low? Considering the state of the Mining Market and with a European war in progress, it seems to us that the price of these shares has kept up well. (2) Too much new capital has been put into the cycle industry. The weaker must “go to the wall”; but they do not like going to the wall, and their futile struggles and frantic competition will injure the strong.

J. S.—Your letter was not posted for ten days after its date, and is received too late for us to be able to advise this week on sixteen old and three new investments.

DOUBTFUL.—We cannot answer anonymous communications (see Rules). Please send your name and full address.

F. R. H.—As you say, your list is rather long, but quite modest in comparison with those submitted to us, without the slightest apology, by some correspondents. We think there are strong objections to every one of the companies you name “for investment purposes.” (1 and 2) The big London hotel business must be speculative, and is now getting overdone. (3) A fair speculation, with an immense liability. (4) A sheer gamble, mainly objectionable because the “insiders” always recommend the shares to outsiders. (5, 6, 8) New companies started for the benefit of vendors, promoters, company-mongers, and their *entourage*, but certainly not for the benefit of the ordinary investor. (7) A respectable, pushing little concern, but too much competition and too much paper capital and too little gold capital.

HIGHFIELD.—(1) We still think well of the Gladiators as a mining speculation, but it is very doubtful if the time has yet come to buy. (2) The battery is about due to be put up, but we have not heard how the water question stands. The dam is made, but we do not know if it is full. Inquiry shall be made, and we will let you know, if possible, next week.

INVESTOR.—We think the capital excessive, and would not advise you to apply for the shares, but the debenture issue appears fairly well secured.

ANGLO-INDIAN.—Read Mr. Gwyther's speech at the meeting of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China. There is no reason for alarm, but the present does not seem a suitable time for the purchase of Indian bank shares.

MERCENARY.—How are you to scientifically calculate the yield upon Consols? The best way is to hire an actuary, but here is a rule-of-thumb method which is accurate enough for practical purposes. The present rate is $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., which will be reduced to $2\frac{1}{4}$ from 1903 onwards. You have, therefore, a $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. stock redeemable at par in 1923, and bearing an extra $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for six years to come. From the present price deduct the six years of this $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., say 1½, and then calculate the yield from the tables in your possession on the method you propose.

WELSHMAN.—Have nothing to do with syndicates of the kind, however plausibly their prospectuses are worded or whatever successes they claim to have achieved in the past.

E. B.—You have omitted to send the prospectus, as stated in your letter, but it is immaterial. It would be the height of folly to invest your savings in any of these Diamond Jubilee companies. See our note on the subject above.

A CLERK.—It is a very wholesome rule that persons in your position are prohibited from speculating, and we do not think you have any proper ground of complaint. Your employers have no right to interfere if you are going to take the stock up.

W. B. S.—There is no rule on the London Stock Exchange as to rates of commission, but a-half per cent. on the money is certainly excessive for a speculative transaction.

ANERLIST, H. K. B., VICTORIAN.—The letters of these correspondents necessitated our making certain inquiries, and the interruption of business from the holidays has delayed the replies to these inquiries, so our answers to these correspondents must stand over till our next issue.

PIG IRON.—We advise you to have nothing to do with the concern you mention.

The Midland Railway Company have issued a neat little book, giving particulars about horse and cattle fairs, racing fixtures, horse sales, and dog, poultry, and agricultural shows of the year.

The Midland Railway directors intend to treat the Jubilee Day as a general holiday. The whole of the staff who are regularly employed by the company, and who can be spared from their duties, will be allowed a holiday on that day without loss of pay. Those members of the staff whose duties do not admit of their being absent from work on June 22 will be allowed an equivalent holiday, without loss of pay, on a subsequent date as early as can be conveniently arranged.

Another great sale by public auction of high-class clarets is announced by the well-known wine auctioneer and valuer, Mr. J. W. Bashford. It will be held at the London Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing Lane, to-morrow, and is just as open to the ordinary public to attend and buy as to the trade. Some of our readers may remember the bargains which were obtained at the last sale a few months ago. On this occasion there is also a large parcel of champagne of 1884 and 1889 vintages to be disposed of; but full particulars and catalogues can be obtained at the office of the auctioneer, 79, Great Tower Street.

Tatterley (Hutchinson) is the humble servant of a hard master, Caleb Fry, and each is the other's image in personal appearance. Caleb has much money and no friends. One day he visits his artist nephew, Donald Brett, and finds him entertaining his sweetheart Ella at tea. Innocent mirth so rouses the wicked uncle's wrath that he goes home, destroys his will, and leaves everything to a cousin, Hector Kindon, a most palpable rogue. Tatterley dies that night in his chair, and Caleb, who reasons rightly that his relations can't love him, and wants to see them fight for his money and hear them curse his memory, changes clothes with his dead servant and personates him successfully to the end of the book. The *vice versa* device leads to more copybook musings on good and evil than humorous or dramatic situations. The sham Tatterley lives to find Donald and Ella the only friends to shelter him, and in return he plays the good fairy who leads them from top storey poverty in a court near the Temple to the sunny village and the “cool old parlour with the scent of flowers.” The author, Mr. Tom Gallon, makes clear in every sentence the heroism of the heroes and the villainy of the villains.